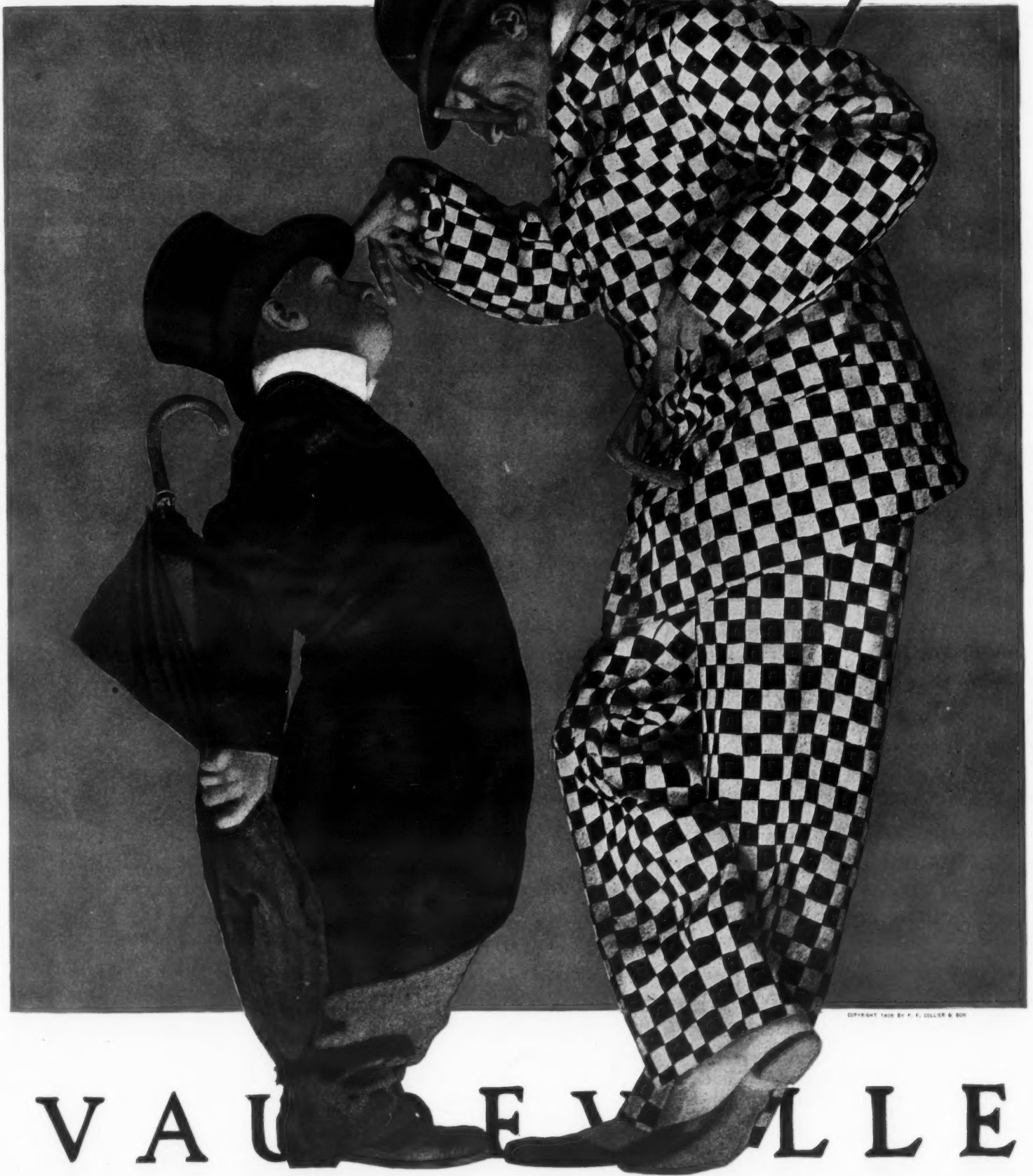


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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



V A U E V L L E

VOL XLI NO 11

JUNE 6 1908



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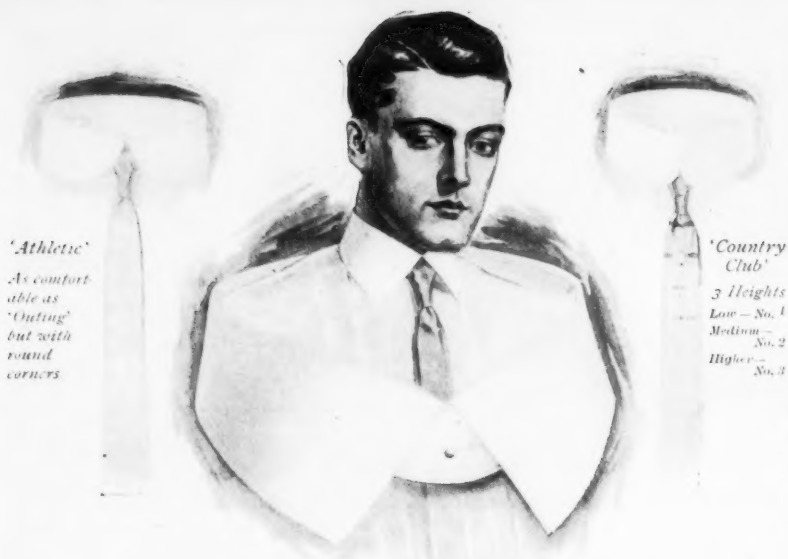
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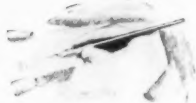
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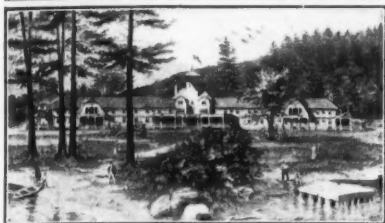
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Collier's

Saturday, June 6, 1908



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Volume XLII

Number 11

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Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, June 6, 1908



Some Features of Early Numbers of Collier's

Two articles on Cleveland by Lincoln Steffens. Mr. Steffens sees more than ordinary significance in the recent settlement of the long street-car fight in that city. Cartoons by John T. McCutcheon will illustrate a description of the recent Socialist convention in Chicago. Richard Lloyd Jones will write about the Commonwealth college. A fresh and intimate point of view is found in two articles, soon to be printed, about Taft. Concerning Governor Johnson of Minnesota, the most exhaustive search of his early days in St. Peter, the most complete collection of old photographs of him, and a careful study of the man will appear in two articles by Richard Washburn Child. C. P. Connolly has written four picturesque articles which deal with the later history of Nevada. They will be printed during July.

Some Brickbats and Bouquets

"Atchison, Kas., April 16, 1908

"EDITOR COLLIER'S:

"DEAR SIR—From your latest issue I miss the letter from that inimitable Japanese Schoolboy. It is my wish, and I believe that of most of your readers, that this lapse is only temporary. A new humorist has been found in the person of Hashimura Togo. The novelty of his vernacular is refreshing, while his philosophy and sarcasm compare favorably with the famous Dooley papers. There is too little humor in the world, for all that it seems funny enough at times. Surely there are too few humorists. Get in touch with Togo again; he is the greatest 'find' your journal has made in years.

"Your friend and admirer,

"W. W. MILLS,

"710 Santa Fe Street."

"Seymour, Conn., April 3, 1908

"F. F. COLLIER & SON:

"DEAR SIR—Of all the silly trash that ever was written by man outside of an insane asylum the 'Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy' are the silliest. When are you going to stop printing such stuff that sickens the community?

"Yours in disgust,

"N. M. S."

"In Collier's Weekly is running a series of letters which, for quaint expression, lively humor, and naive insight into contemporary life in America as seen by a foreigner, are unsurpassed within the range of our reading. If one enjoys the brighter side of literature, he can do no better for himself than to read these letters. Whether they are in fact written by a Japanese writer or are the inspiration of one to America born, we read the letters with much zest and amusement. Let our magazines give us more of this kind of reading matter—if they can possibly do so.—'The Hittite,' Dallas, Texas, May, 1908."

"Willows, Cal., April 27, 1908

"EDITOR COLLIER'S:

"DEAR SIR—I have been a reader of your excellent magazine for some time, and, on the whole, am a great admirer of it, particularly your editorials. While no one can expect to be pleased with everything in any book, paper, or magazine, yet occasionally certain articles seem to be outside the pale of anything interesting, instructive, or even amusing. Such, in my humble opinion, is the condition of 'Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy.' I have been patiently wondering what could be your purpose in publishing such utterly disgusting 'rot,' and am glad to know that you think it humorous.

"I may be utterly devoid of a sense of humor, but I must confess that I had heretofore never suspected it of having that quality.

"I notice with pleasure the absence of it this week, and trust that we have had the last of it.

"Sincerely yours,

"S. M. CHANEY,

"Superintendent of Schools,
"Glen Co., Cal."

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Collier's

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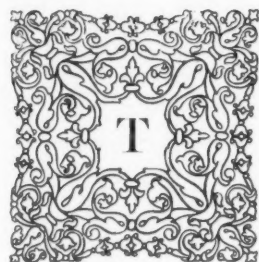
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BISSELL HOUSE BRANCH



June 6, 1908

The Drama's Charm



THE THEATRE is the temple of play. What the child creates, with rag doll or hobby horse, his parent or sister discovers amid footlights and painted trees. In the playhouse we take the scheme of things and mold it to the heart's desire. We buy for a coin the happiness of an hour, and perhaps carry away images that float before us as we cobble shoes next day, or prepare briefs, or cook porridge and send the children off to school. Without dreams the drama would lack its soul. The heroine sighs more gustily in the theatres of the slums, the villain is of darker hue, but romance and striving after visions are also the foundation-stones of the great historic playhouses of Vienna, of Paris, of Berlin. Joy has no single home. It visits the mechanic at his work, the shop-girl at her grind. It mingles with the labors of the factory and the home. It is ever the light that flickers amid the shades of consciousness and destiny. Among its many dwelling-places, however, are a few especially sanctified to it, and, after the nursery, there is no spot where, more clearly than in the theatre, can be heard ever the flutter of man's hopes, his reveries, his wistful, fleeting thoughts.

Two Hundred and Thirty Words

CONSIDER THIS ISSUE of our paper—of COLLIER'S, which is one of the best among the twenty thousand papers decorating the United States. Why have we put forth a special number devoted to the stage? From that mixture of motives, doubtless, which characterizes nearly everything this paper does—from a search for popularity, existing with the impulse to follow where our fancies lead. If the drama were as flourishing in America as it is in Germany we should probably devote several times as much space to it as we do, and that certainly would be a pleasure. Perhaps the time will come when our large cities will make it possible to go say twice a week to the theatre throughout the season without exhausting the classics and modern plays equal to "The Great Divide" and "The Servant in the House," or "Man and Superman" and "Trelawney of the Wells." If so, intelligent Americans will owe to the theatre a far larger portion of their pleasure than they owe at present. Chicago, Boston, New York, and other cities are making efforts to obtain repertory theatres, to see that the best plays of the past are kept alive by proper acting; and we have confidence enough in Americans to believe that the people's impulse will some time accomplish what in Germany, Austria, and Paris has been accomplished by rulers and the aristocracy.

The Outlook

"THIS," SAID BEN JONSON, "is the money-got, mechanic age." AS BEN was speaking of the drama, in the greatest period the modern world has known, his pessimism may serve as cheer to those who wish to see hope in the predicament of to-day. POPE complained of domination. The demoralizing effects of too much stage setting were pointed out with lamentations more than two centuries ago. Theatrically speaking, our age is not a bad one. Taking all Europe into account, it is not among the great, but its level is not low. IBSEN, HAUPTMANN, SUDERMANN, ECHEGARAY, BARRIE, SHAW, PHILLIPS, PINERO, ROSTAND, and dozens of other men have set a level higher than the world has known since GOETHE died, and every year, it seems to us, gives the play a little better chance. As far as the United States is concerned, the prospects are most favorable. Most of our intellect heretofore has gone into business, medicine, and law. The material resources of the country now being less pressing in their invitation, a larger percentage of ability is tending toward the arts, and in a country where the people are the rulers no art can appeal to men of talent more strongly than the drama. These conditions, before very long, will show their natural results. Whatever may happen to the Syndicate, and to commerce generally, there will ultimately be theatres where high-grade plays are welcomed, and there will be many of them written by Americans, and produced.

Cheer

THE OLDEST INSCRIPTION yet discovered among the hieroglyphics of Egypt is said to lament the passing of the good old times. The best times are, according to the guesser's temperament, in the unknown future or in the barbaric past. In our opinion life is always good, but better to-day, taking the world over, and every class, than it has been at any date of which we have authentic history or reasonable surmise. Let us not forget that the laborer has more education and more comfort

now than the prince of a few centuries ago. Let us not forget that the fair ladies of King ARTHUR's court would not be allowed at a chorus girls' ball to-day unless they took a bath. A few are wanderers and a few starve in Europe and America to-day. Famine, pestilence, and sudden death were once the usual lot. Eight hours of fairly skilful labor now means comfort, and better conditions and even shorter hours are but a little way ahead. Let us dream as many new worlds as we may please, but no legislation that any man may dream can possibly do him as much good, in body, mind, and soul, as the bicycle habit, or a long walk every Sunday across the meadows and the hills. We can and shall improve conditions on this earth, but in a still larger sense this life is forever what we make it for ourselves: the world is what we select to see and do.

Free Advice

IF YOU DON'T KNOW what to read next, try "The Citizen," by NATHANIEL SOUTHWIG SHALER. It will probably give you more welcome thought than any book you have read in the four years that have elapsed since it was published. To save ourselves the trouble of answering a multitude of letters, we announce herewith that the volume is published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. Mr. TAFT's remark, that the criticism of Administration foreign policy in the Philippines by Democrats and anti-imperialists was "almost traitorous," came into our memory again as we read Professor SHALER's eloquent defense of free speech in a free commonwealth. "Since the beginning of the Spanish War," he said, "many misguided persons, animated by that frothy patriotism which wars, along with their other evils, are apt to breed, have undertaken to crush out all opposition to the policy of the Government by a system of fierce denunciation of certain eminent persons who have expressed their disapproval of that policy." Among the harmful tendencies of centralization, none surpasses the temptation to put on a species of omniscience and to look upon free speech as disastrous to the world. We have happened to explode on one of the many topics which are treated in Professor SHALER's little book, but there is none which is not handled in a perfect spirit by a deep and ripe intelligence.

Privileges

DESCRIBING SAN FRANCISCO CONDITIONS, Mr. LINCOLN STEFFENS writes a hopeful although grim article in the June issue of the "American Magazine." One sentence tells how those dairymen who are favored, for cause, by the politicians are permitted to sell milk that is not necessarily pure, "especially to hospitals." The italics are ours, and are perhaps excused by the fact that these three words to our emotions mean a lot about the principles of government. They indicate what realities lie under principles which are often looked upon as merely a set of inhuman and dull abstractions.

Humor

THIS IS TOO GOOD to be forever submerged in the inconspicuous column of the daily paper where we saw it:

"BUSINESS MEN of financial responsibility can make wagers on credit at race-track. Apply —"

The joke is that the eminently respectable newspaper chose to print it under the head of "Business Opportunities." As a "business opportunity" it is certainly unique. It contains all the business elements of a roulette wheel, and all the opportunity of a vacuum. There is nothing strange in the fact that some hustling gambler should have inserted the advertisement. The oddity comes in when any newspaper so rates the public's intelligence and the public's sense of humor as to print that particular heading over that particular bit.

Modest Inquiries

A COUPLE OF DAYS after this issue of COLLIER'S has carried joy into the households of America, the United States Brewers' Association will be seated at Milwaukee. It may be a convention to rank with those of the political parties in significance if it allows itself to be significant at all. If it debates the old-time topic of How to Fool the Public and Pocket the Profits, it will fade uselessly away. Let it deal frankly with the troubles that touch the future of malt products, and it will gain attention with results that carry far. If it is permitted to our honorable ignorance to suggest a few lines of thought, we take pleasure in asking the floor. "Is the chattel-mortgage sys-

tem unavoidable?" The brewers tell us they dislike the chattel mortgage; the liquor dealer curses it; the general public is injured by it. Then another choice item for debate will be: "Is the \$15, \$20, or \$25 a week, paid on his license by the liquor dealer to his brewer, the best method of handling the license situation?" A sterling subject for subdued oratory is this: "Need we brewers remain ignorant of our saloons when we have drivers and collectors for detectives?" The best of the brewers are open-minded men. Here is wishing they may turn the June convention hall into a real forum for discussing topics of which the importance is truly vast.

Goodness

WHEN THE BREWERS desire to be virtuous, they can be very virtuous indeed. They have made the month of May in New York City the banner month of the last year by temporarily knocking out a score of the most notorious dives. That long-delayed pressure of the brewers' pool, which we have been yearning for during a generation of accumulating episodes, has at last limbered up and got into action. The results are admirable. "BART" O'CONNOR, so long deemed invulnerable, has pulled in one of his horns. The Orpheum Concert Hall has made a china closet for Dresden platters out of what used to be a connecting door into the Thirteenth Street apartments. The negro dives, "The Little Savoy," 253 West Thirty-fifth Street, and the rest of them, although "running," are not a public nuisance. Even ROSEY HERTZ, who we used to think owned First Street, inside and out, has kept her clientele indoors. The malodorous Sharkey's is tamed. No. 2 Union Square sells liquor more quietly after hours. The brewers are preparing love-feasts with the Committee of Fourteen, and, better yet, are lying down in amity with the best of the bond companies. If the virtue of the brewers proves itself possessed of second-wind, the city will do nicely. If they begin panting loudly after next license time, the citizens will do well to join an anti-fatigue society. Perhaps, if the brewers like the New York results, they will be similarly good elsewhere.

Art and Money

THE FRENCH PAINTER, CLAUDE MONET, recently destroyed the entire product of three years' labor, pictures valued in money at \$100,000. Such examples are tonic in these or any other times. DEGAS is estimated to have destroyed three-quarters of his work. So unworldly must be any mind which, like the true artist everywhere, labors "in a sad sincerity." One of our subscribers writes: "As for Mr. CARMAN, do not worry about him. He is too much of a poet to be stopped by a little thing like starvation." Still, it is worth remembering that neither poets nor painters are actually among the classes where starvation is a frequent reality. We speak frequently of starvation when we mean merely lack of comfort, which is the worst that an artist of ability is likely to undergo.

Libel

IN GERMANY an editor can be fined for making a naval cadet say this: "My Cousin Hans is hard up, but he can not raise a loan on his note, for he has been ten years in the Deutz Cavalry, and has, therefore, forgotten how to sign his name." Our libel laws need to be more strictly drawn and enforced with more severity, but our license is healthier than such muzzling methods as those in force in Germany.

Examination Time

AT HIGH SCHOOLS, academies, colleges, technical and professional schools, this is a period of stress. There are a few blithe souls, to be sure, who, even at the time of final examinations, are like the heartless mother turkey of whom little six-year-old MARJORIE FLEMING wrote:

"She was more than usual calm,
She did not give a single dam."

But such are rare. Most students are stirred with thoughts of a degree still hanging in suspension, of a Phi Beta Kappa seal almost within reach, or of special academic distinctions to be awarded. To such the evenings of June are no hours of starlight and song. In many a lodging or dormitory the window-panes glow yellow till dawn. PRAED, in his "Lines Written on the Eve of a College Examination," thus sums up the situation:

"But trust me, little rest is theirs, who play in glory's game,
And throw to-morrow their last throw for academic fame.

No; there is no repose for them, the solitary few
Who muse on all that they have done, and all they meant to do."

Alas, they are not few. They are many who undergo the ordeal, which much resembles standing up before a Gatling gun loaded with facts. To sit hour after hour into the night, in dishabille, sweating and glassy-eyed, fronted by reams of learning; to watch a June-bug bumping and bumping about the student-lamp; to hear the twitter of birds heralding in the dawn—this is the academic travail of June which made STEVENSON speak of "examinations." Happy is he who escapes the fate of the same author's young Edinburgh scholar who, after studying through the night, flung open his shutter, gazed at the rising orb, and— instantaneously forgot every fact that he had sopped up.



THE DAYS

By E. H. SOTHERN

LO! WHAT are these that, climbing one by one,
From out of Chaos wend their ceaseless way?
Whose march nor seas, nor mighty mountains stay;
Who with relentless tread from sun to sun,
To pity dead, by no entreaty won,
See worlds and systems wither and decay!

ARRAYED in blinding glory; or maybe
Draped in habiliments of deepest wo;
Whence have they come, and whither do they go,
When they have trod their path from sea to sea?
Look! as they pass they gaze at you at me
With eyes that question while they seem to know.

THESE are the Days! O God! I know them now!
The Days! the Days! that have been stealing by
The while we watched them with unseeing eye,
And each one dropped a seed for us to sow;
See how they point unto the rusted plow,
The shameful record of our husbandry.

WE STAND upon a patch of barren ground;
While all about are gardens passing fair,
Here, at our feet, to shame our idle share,
The flower of our love with gaping wound,
Hid from the sunlight, all its beauty bound
In the dread tangle of the choking tare.

THE Days! The Days! The Days that we have lost!
They knelt, gift-laden, at our feet to sue—
"Come! take our treasures, love and work and do!
The joy of doing shall be all the cost"—
Gold summer days! Brave days of winter frost—
They came! They passed us, and we never knew.

VAINLY we call and bid them come again!
Each one sped full of promise to our door—
Ready its riches in our laps to pour—
Tapping for entrance at our window pane,
Crying: "Arise and follow in our train!
We travel quickly, to return no more!"

AND now, the days have passed into the years;
While we, benumbed with foolish, idle stare,
Strive with weak hands to seize them as they fare,
But can not see for our regretful tears—
And ruthless Time his awful barrier rears
Between the days that are and those that were.

TOO late! Too late! The garden of our lives
Is now a wilderness, a desert place—
The o'ergrown paths we can no longer trace,
But driven, aimless, as the wind that drives,
There must we wander till the day arrives
When we shall meet our lost days face to face.

THEN! Then behold them, with accusing eyes,
Say to the Judge Eternal: "These are they,
Who, when we hailed them on our earthly way,
Who, when we offered all our treasures—
Love, life, and gladness—to be great and wise,
In sloth and folly waved us all away."



Mr. William Hodge in "The Man From Home"



Mr. William H. Crane in "Father and the Boys"



Miss Maude Adams in "The Jesters"



Mr. Otis Skinner in "The Honor of the Family"

THE RELATION OF THE D R A M A TO REAL LIFE

A Hundred Years of Nature and Three Hours of the
Playwright—the "Space" and "Time" Difficulty
—Reality versus Surface Facts

By HENRY ARTHUR JONES

AMONG the most famous British dramatists none has had the improvement of the contemporary stage more at heart than the author of "Michael and his Lost Angel," "The Dancing Girl," and "Mrs. Dane's Defence." For many years Mr. Jones has wished to see plays of the day take up subjects of real importance and treat them with real intelligence, and he has also argued in favor of the practicability of reviving a good many of the Elizabethan plays which are never acted now. Mr. Jones first became well-known with his still popular melodrama, "The Silver King," in 1882. A mood more characteristic of him was struck out with "The Middleman," in 1889, and "Judah" the next year; and his study plays have continued to be produced alternately with comedies like "The Liars." Among those plays best known in this country are "The Bauble Shop" and "The Manœuvres of Jane." The last plays produced in this country were "The Hypocrites" and "The Evangelist." In this article Mr. Jones sums up his views on one important dramatic question

I answer: Fidelity to the great permanent realities of life, not to passing and casual occurrences, not to small and arid facts, is the final test which will be applied to plays, to novels, to poetry, to all art that deals with the portrayal of human life.

The "time difficulty" is the chief difficulty of the playwright. How little it touches the novelist, who, in a stroke of a pen, can say that the man took half an hour over his dinner, and the thing is done! The whole art of play-writing is beset with restrictions, limitations, and conventions that the novelist knows nothing of. You would not think of comparing the dancing or running of a man who is quite free with the dancing or running of a man who is laden with fetters on hands and feet. Yet playwrights, compared with novelists, are so handicapped by space and time limitations and difficulties alone (to say nothing of other conventions) that it is just as fair to make a comparison between them as to make the one I have just named.

The "time difficulty" is the playwright's heaviest fetter when once he has mastered the primary conventions of his art—to tell a story by means of dialogue. We will suppose a dinner to be a necessary part of the story; the hungry man has to be fed, and you, the audience, has to see him fed. Now, either he must take twenty minutes or half an hour over the business, and give you and my country friend the impression that you are seeing a bit of real life, or he must hurry up, throw a bit of sponge-cake chicken down his throat, and convince you of the unreality of the whole thing. Is there any third course? Yes, it is for you to frankly accept the thing as a make-believe, a convention, something that is not real life and does not claim to be. But if once you accept this principle, where does it lead you?

Nature spreads out before you at every moment and in every land a web of human life so vast, so complex, so apparently inconsistent, that one glance at it is enough to cover the playwright with confusion. But it isn't his business to do anything like that. It is his business to select from that mass a few characters, frame them in a story, and tell you as much as he can of them, piecing together his observation and his experience, and making them a family group quite of his own. He takes them clean out of that real world and puts them into a world of his own, preserving at the same time all that he thinks is most characteristic, most vital, painting them as faithfully as he can; and, while trying to make them distinct individuals, yet trying to make them types too; and also trying to shoot his own philosophy of life and views of men and the world through them and from behind them; trying to make those dozen characters, just for the time, the whole sum and substance of humanity.

Now, the playwright, having once learned his technique, is hampered chiefly by conditions of time. He wants, say, to put before you a certain character, and he has imagined certain leading incidents in this character's life. Now, although there are dramatic situations in the lives of all of us, yet they are few and far between. Take your own life. Glancing back at it, you can see certain interesting situations, certain moments that you think would be interesting if presented on the stage. Look into your own heart. You will find there reigning passions, habits, ways of thinking, springs of action. But these are not constantly apparent in your deeds and expressions. It is only rarely that they appear on the surface; it is only at certain moments, moments of crisis, of supreme emotion, that they are laid bare—even to yourself. Now these are the things that the dramatist has to display; these are the only things worth displaying. But they are rare things; yet they are the vital things, the things that make you individual, that show your essential character, that make you interesting to an audience. Well, the dramatist has to select and to display these exceptional things and to leave out the others, the ordi-

nary, non-characteristic things. What follows from this process of selection? The dramatist has at the most two hours and three-quarters to portray all that is vital in the lives of some dozen characters, to portray what nature takes some hundred years to portray. The more of these essential things the dramatist has seized, the more he has crammed his play with vital moments, passions, and marks of character,

the less his play must be like every-day life as we see it. If he has drawn your character with insight and with decision, if he has portrayed all in your life that is worth portrayal, and put it all into that hour, then that hour can not be anything like any one single hour of your life. There is no escaping from this paradox.

I put the "time difficulty" first, because it is the dramatist's chief stumbling-block in trying to give his play the illusion of reality. When certain great passions or supreme moments are thus exhibited in rapid sequence, the play always has some appearance of unreality. And this is especially the case in modern plays where the scene is not changed during an act. A dramatist may violate every law of character, defy all probability of situation, outrage all logic and consistency of story, and yet not be found out by the average English playgoer, if he cheats him with cheap and obvious facts, and presents an outward appearance of being like "real life"; while, if he presents the salient features of a strong story in an evidently more rapid sequence than they could occur in real life, he is probably accused of having written melodrama. Now the framework of every strong and moving play that was ever written is melodrama. The framework of "Hamlet," of "Macbeth," of "Edipus," is melodrama. I will give you a rule to judge whether or no a play should be called melodrama, using the word in a contemptuous sense. When you see a play of stirring scenes and situations, do not ask yourself whether they occur at an impossibly rapid rate—they are sure to do that if the play is interesting—but ask yourself how far they are rooted in and spring from character, how far they are allied to the exhibition and development of character, how much real, living human character you have seen displayed and illustrated in these strong situations.

The Space Difficulty

UT the dramatist has another great difficulty, compared with the novelist. He has also a terrible "space difficulty." Consider how easily a novelist can shift his scene. A single stroke of the pen does it, and he can do it as often as he pleases. And however often he does it there is no feeling of disillumination in the reader. How terribly handicapped is the dramatist in this respect! In a play of modern life it is not advisable to change a scene during an act. I am not a great stickler for this convention of unity of place. Speaking broadly I would say: "Change your scene as often as the conduct of your story requires it—a dozen times in an act if necessary." Still, it does disturb the illusion of reality if there are constant changes of scene in an act, and this "space difficulty" is almost as heavy a handicap to the dramatist as the "time difficulty." We have not only to cram all the important events of a lifetime into an hour, but we have to nail our

(Continued on page 25) 11

ONCE took a country acquaintance to the play; it was the first time that he had ever been inside a theatre. I found a great pleasure in watching his delight, his childish, innocent acceptance of it all as fact, happening before his eyes. He enjoyed himself thoroughly until toward the end of the evening, when some of the characters, one of whom was supposed to be very hungry, sat down to a meal. Have you ever watched a stage meal? You know it takes at least half an hour to eat an ordinary meal; but no audience in this world would endure five minutes spent entirely in eating, much less half an hour. Further, the actor being obliged all the while to carry on the piece by dialogue, and to do this in so distinct a voice that he can be heard by the farthest gallery boy, can not give much attention to chewing. Any one who takes the trouble to watch a stage meal will see that it is the most barefaced pretense. Now my country friend had followed the play with the greatest delight, had laughed at all the antique jokes and tricks of the comedian, had contentedly accepted the most astonishingly impossible characters, and had all the while persuaded himself that he was seeing a bit of real life. But when he saw a starving man and other people with average appetites sit down and make the merest pretense of eating, and get it all over in two minutes, there came to him a sad awaking from his illusion. He felt that he had been cheated. He could see that the theatre was not real. He was not a connoisseur of character; the most impossible heroism and the most impossible villainy had pleased him; the stalest jokes, the tricks of the comedian, had sent him into shrieks of laughter. It had been all so delightful, so real, till that dinner came. That dinner disturbed him for the remainder of the evening.

The behavior of my country friend illustrated the whole relation of the average Englishman toward the drama. I do not say that the average playgoer is quite so innocent or ignorant; but he equally misunderstands the relation of the drama to real life. First of all, he mistook it for real life. Elsewhere I have shown why such a way of looking at it leads to perpetual and increasing disillusion, to the *reductio ad absurdum* that the only people who can take a delight in the drama are those who know little or nothing about it.

My friend further totally misunderstood in what relation the drama stands to real life. And in this regard he is representative of the vast number of playgoers of the present day. But you will say: "Is it not the end and purpose of playing to hold the mirror up to nature, to show the very age and body of the time his form and pressure? Is it not the test of fidelity to nature, the final test which must and will be applied to all plays?"



"The Witching Hour"



"Don Quixote"



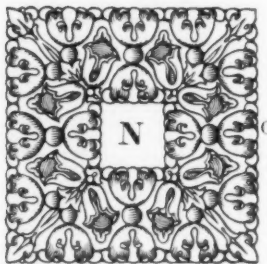
"The Servant in the House"



"The Thief"



"Paid in Full"



NO AMERICAN play of the past season stands out quite as "The Great Divide" did a season ago. There was no such general bubbling of the public's intellectuals—unless it were that induced by

"The Merry Widow" waltz—as accompanied the sudden vogue of Bernard Shaw the season before. In no startling or eccentric way was it a brilliant year.

It has, on the other hand, been a rather solid and satisfactory one. At no time in recent years, I should say, has as much intelligent thought been given to the general subject of our stage as is being given now. The mere fact that a play like "The Servant in the House" can be so presented by a company of independent players as not only to satisfy the discriminating, but to win financial success, is in itself a significant achievement. Such plays as "Paid in Full" and "The Witching Hour" are not only as good as most of the better plays of recent years, but the special quality which makes this goodness noteworthy is their freshness and originality.

The art of theatre construction and management is no longer left entirely to the speculator and showman. At least one of the new playhouses represents a painstaking effort to get away from garishness and create an atmospheric intimacy in which intelligent spectators can feel at home. An independent theatre, in which superior plays, not necessarily popular, may be produced without oppressive thought as to their commercial profit, is now all but a fact. The dramatic millennium may not be realized in this particular theatre, but a great lot of thinking and talking has been done, which is bound to help things in the end. It is talking and thinking which would scarcely have been stirred up ten years ago.

It takes, to be sure, a rash courage to ascribe anything like "significance" to the seasonal ups and downs of talent and the vagaries of the public's taste. The same Mr. Thomas who brings forth "The Witching Hour" in the spring, inflicted "The Ranger" last September. People flocked to "The Merry Widow," we were told, because they were sick of musical shows and hungry for really superior comic opera—whereupon they turn about and stampede to "The Soul Kiss," perhaps the most vulgar musical show ever put on Broadway. They applaud "Paid in Full" because of its fine reality and truth to contemporary life, and at the same time keep aloof for months—possibly to see Mr. Frank Keenan's always vivid acting—such an atrocity as "The Warrens of Virginia."

Is it really true that millinery plays, pretty banalities, are less popular, or has the money pinch merely made their recent existence more difficult? Is it possible that plays can no longer be made successful, like seven-best-seller novels, by merely putting a pretty face on the cover? Does the failure of "Anna Karenina" and "The Right of Way" suggest that the book-play is a variety of torture falling into disrepute? However this

A REVIEW OF THE

THEATRICAL SEASON

Plays which were noticeably successful and the special quality of each which gave it distinction or contributed to its success—A year not brilliant in any startling or eccentric way, but showing much solid and satisfactory achievement

By
ARTHUR RUHL

may be, each of the year's successes, "The Thief," "The Merry Widow," "The Witching Hour," "Paid in Full," and "The Servant in the House"—possibly Messrs. Tarkington and Willson's "The Man from Home"—was excellent of its kind, a real contribution to dramatic art.

"The Thief," played for the entire year, was a rather tardy first trial here of the work of one of the most live of the younger Frenchmen. It is of the type of "well-made" play brought up to the moment by sophisticated dialogue and a dash of psychology—the sort of play which interests and even agreeably harrows the spectator without penetrating his egoism and making him uncomfortable. It is swift, terse, facile, full of surprises—excellent of its kind. Others of Mr. Henry Bernstein's plays are sure to follow.

"The Merry Widow" came to town after it had been sung in various languages over the continent of Europe. Hats have been named after it, and the famous waltz has gone to such lengths of popularity that young dancing men achieve an air of quite fascinating ennui by solemnly stepping over to the orchestra leader and requesting him not to play it. The piece's success was that of beguiling melody, of the haunting waltz music which comes out of Vienna. This music was often dramatically expressive as well as pretty, and the plot was coherent and even at times the vehicle of a certain poetry and romance, but this does not prove that our audiences want an intelligible "book" or prefer sane light opera. What they want is the exhilaration variously provided by what is known as a "good show." A good show may mean real humor and comedy such as Mr. Lew Fields supplied in "The Girl Behind the Counter," or charming music, or merely a wild jamboree of noise, lights, and beautiful women and clothes. And, provided they get it, they will overlook lack of wit as they had to in "The Merry Widow" or crude vulgarity as they did in "The Soul Kiss."

The fact that they kept people excited and in suspense, and made them laugh and cry or feel like doing so, is enough to account for the success of "The Witching

Hour" and "Paid in Full." I do not fancy that the public was vitally interested in Mr. Thomas's adventures in telepathy. They were interested in the Louisville gambling-house and in Jack Brookfield. An intelligent professional gambler, played as Mr. John Mason played this one, and surrounded with all that vigorously masculine atmosphere which Mr. Thomas specially knows how to create, always fascinates. The play's special value, however, from a literary point of view, lay in the fact that Mr. Thomas went behind the genial surfaces, which apparently have satisfied him heretofore, and into that region of mysterious phenomena which lies beneath our visible world. He may not, to be sure, have gone farther than the elementary psychology text-books, but even that is a region not frequented by playwrights. And to transmute such speculations into a plausible fabric for the stage, terse and real, is a feat well above the ordinary. The special quality of "Paid in Full" was its relentless truth to character and its swift journalistic realism. It lacked distinction of style, seemed more the work of a man swept on by his enthusiastic interest in life than one arrived at any sure grasp of his art. But it did have vitality and freshness, the two most welcome qualities, perhaps, in any work of art, and ones which inevitably arouse hopefulness as to what their author may do later on.

The Season's Most Unusual Play

SO UNUSUAL a work as "The Servant in the House" is difficult to measure by conventional standards. It is a modern morality play, in which, with exquisitely accurate symbolism, a plea for real Christianity and a protest against its decadence in the modern "fashionable" church is made through the medium of admirably simple realistic comedy. Symbolism is not an easy thing to handle. Mr. Milton Royle's praiseworthy but unsuccessful attempt last winter in "The Struggle Everlasting" to write a dramatic allegory of the war between what is commonly called Flesh and Spirit illustrated such difficulties. It is, on the other hand, so powerful a weapon once the proper symbol is hit upon, and so inextricably tied up with each spectator's responsiveness and background of experience, that it is difficult accurately to isolate the contribution of the author himself. What, for instance, would Mr. Kennedy do with a play of modern English life, written more or less after the manner of Henry Arthur Jones, and using the same characters he uses here, literally and not symbolically? Possibly this is an unnecessary question in view of what he has done in his own way. It is, nevertheless, a perfectly fair question to have in mind when comparing his work with others. "The Man from Home," which I have included among the season's successes, although it has not yet been played in New York, had less dramatic sweep than either of the plays already mentioned, and more the quality of a pleasant magazine story transferred to the stage. Its machinery was conventional enough, but it was so warmed through with Mr. Tarkington's ardent Americanism and a fervent belief in certain American

and especially Middle Western ideals, that its noticeable quality was freshness and vitality. And it handled a social question of very general interest—the problem of international marriages between American girls and titled foreigners—so much better than it has been handled before on our stage that it seems to deserve a place with the really “significant” work of the year.

Mr. Ade's “Father and the Boys” can scarcely lay claim to that formidable adjective, entertaining as it was—still less Mr. Fitch's “Girls.” No one who can give people so harmless and cheering an evening's amusement deserves very enthusiastic execration. It was funny, and so hooked to the immediate present by many little Fitchy bits of observation, that one was inclined to depart with the feeling of having watched just the sort of people who live overhead or across the airshaft at home. Actually they were the manikins of unreal, and often mechanical, farce. Not that there was any harm in this—it is only that, of Mr. Fitch, one expected something more.

Then there were several pieces worth remembering for incidental things—the first act of Miss Rachel Crothers's “The Coming of Mrs. Patrick,” for instance. Mr. David Graham Phillips's “The Worth of a Woman” was not much of a play, but it expressed courageously and with logic some ideas of sex ethics which are going to be thought more of one of these days. Miss Margaret Mayo had something new to say about circus folks, and she said it so entertainingly in “Polly of the Circus” that people went to hear it and to see pretty Miss Taliaferro up to the very end of the year. Then there was “The Grand Army Man,” a bit too weepy and not quite a success in spite of David Warfield's acting, but less spoiled by artistic claptrap than almost any other of Mr. Belasco's plays.

Ibsen and Others—not Primarily for Broadway

ALL of these, even “The Servant in the House,” belong at least to the type of “popular” plays. Mr. Kennedy's symbolism, which might seem to interpose between the stage and the spectator's simpler physical senses that veil of intellectuality commonly called “high brow,” really does not do so. Most of the audience have heard of Christianity before they see the play, and its action is so admirably simple that they are scarcely conscious of the barrier which Ibsen raises in asking them to become interested in problems which involve some slight preliminary experience in conscious thought.

As for Ibsen, indeed, it is making exaggerated claims for our intellectuality any longer to call him “high brow” at all. For his characters are familiarly discussed in every literary club and girls' boarding school from Calais, Maine, to Santa Barbara; careless suburbanites write parodies of his plays for their country-club theatricals; and all our authors imitate and borrow from him whatever they can.

“Rosmersholm,” admirably presented by Mrs. Fiske's company, “The Master Builder,” with Mme. Nazimova, and “Love's Comedy” were added this winter to the list of those more frequently played. The first two were highly successful; the last, thanks to quarreling among its promoters, never got beyond a few feeble matinees. Nor is it a play that the public is very likely to care for. Its laughter is specially harsh and more open to the charge of perverse cynicism than that of later dramas. People may admit the truth of the difficulty of reconciling the banalities of conventional society with romantic love, but they are being hit in an especially tender region, and they prefer that the great iconoclast strike at things tougher, as it were, and more able to take care of themselves. Many were entertained, doubtless, to find that it was “Love's Comedy” from which Mr. Shaw had lifted almost bodily the character of “Marchbanks” and the principal situation in “Candida.” Why, by the way, doesn't somebody try a “pleasant” Ibsen play and put on “The Lady from the Sea”?

The intimation that there was something Greek about it probably frightened people away from Mrs. Patrick Campbell's “Electra,” and the anxiety of her managers that she stay “on the road” and make money effectually prevented this timorousness being overcome. Some who saw it—the writer was not among the fortunate—thought that it was full of the spirit of Greek tragedy, and some that it was ultra-modern and full of fleshly thrills, like “Salome.” All agreed, however, as to the distinction of Mrs. Campbell's art. There is a welcome rumor that this lovely casual artist is to have a theatre of her own here next year.

Mr. Percy Mackaye's poetic tragedy, “Sappho and Phaoon,” was one of the things which was fairly open, it seems to me, to the deprecation of highbrowism. It was a dignified piece of work, and, with the really beautiful setting provided by Mr. Harrison Fiske, might have been a soothing relief from a too insistent present if our public possessed the slightest intellectual versatility. Nevertheless, Mr. Mackaye was employing a mode of expression quite disassociated from the spirit

of his own people and his own time, and, except as a literary *tour de force*, out of place on our stage. It is regrettable that there are not enough people to enjoy such work, when it has, as this had, dignity and quiet beauty, but one can not regard its failure with any very acute dismay.

In the class of interesting exotics, also, fell Mr. Arnold Daly's experiment in one-act plays. Mr. Daly chartered the unlucky little Berkeley Lyceum, and gave

this one-act play scheme can not somehow be made to succeed. Would it be practicable to do as the South Americans do in their *zarzuela* theatres—charge a proportionate amount for each piece, say fifty or seventy-five cents, and clear the house between each act? For the spectator there is much convenience in this device. Looking in at the theatre before or after some other evening's engagement becomes scarcely more laborious or expensive than dropping in somewhere in the afternoon for a cup of tea.

Then there have been some visitors from overseas—Mrs. Campbell, aforesaid; Novelli, the Italian; and a new Russian actress, Mme. Komisarzhovsky. This lady was a far less tricky and more “sincere” artist than Mme. Nazimova, but she had none of Nazimova's picturesqueness and physical magnetism to make up for her unintelligible Russian tongue. She seemed to me, as well as I could judge from her motions and facial expression, an excellent all-round actress and nothing more, but a Russian child who sat behind me assured me that I knew nothing about it and that she was the greatest artist in the world.

He watched the play with his chin on the plush back of my seat, from which position he fired into my ear a long Italian-operastandee hiss when I ventured once to whisper to my neighbor. He had been in this country seven months, spoke German as well as Russian, and said that he knew everything they tried to teach him in school except the language. This he spoke fairly well. Had I ever seen anything like Komisarzhovsky? Yes? Nazimova? Ah! Very ordinary—nobody at all—just like any actress in Russia. But Komisarzhovsky—Kom-is-ar-zhev-sky!

She had her own theatre in Petersburg—many times he'd seen her there. Did he go to the theatre very much? Oh, yes—what could be better in humans' life than the theatre? The happiest hours of his life were at the theatre. And of all authors, Ibsen best. He knew everything of Ibsen. Shakespeare? Oh, yes—and he recited the titles of a dozen plays he had seen or read, he said, in Russian or German. I asked him if he were going to stay in America, and he said it depended on his father's business. “Humans' life is very strange thing,” he moralized. “To-day a man may have money and everything. Six months it may be all gone, and that man not know where to get food to eat.” Every time the curtain fell he stood up and shouted strange Slavic cheers.

This young man wore knickerbockers and looked about twelve years old. He said he was sixteen. Intellectuals—Cossacks—Turgenyev—charming dilettante officers, who talk art while their soldiers are outside slaughtering women and children—Tschaikowski—Gorky—symphonies and bombs—what are Russians, anyway? What right have we merely juvenile Americans to say that an actress is tame and uninteresting?

The Quest of “The Great American Actor”

AS FOR the achievements of our players, Mr. Sothern's labors necessarily extort gratitude and praise. He may get on one's nerves, as, I must confess, his sluggish tempo and cloying mournfulness of voice occasionally get on mine, but to have the will and the ability to act such varied parts as “Hamlet” and the farcical “Dundreary,” the medieval “Don Quixote” and an ultra-modern neurasthenic Russian Terrorist, one after another, and act them well, is an achievement of very nearly the first order.

That Mr. Sothern is an actor of the first order is not yet true. He constantly drags his work; for all his excellent enunciation, his elocution is monotonous, and, except in make-up and in grace of motion, he rarely quite hits the effect he aims at. His acting lacks something, which, for want of a better name, one may call force. He lacks the power that Richard Mansfield had of gripping people and swinging them off their feet. Whatever part he played—and Mansfield was often accused of being nothing but himself—he was able so to send his personality out over the footlights and master the spectator that the latter was forced to accept his interpretation whether he wanted to or not. This Mr. Sothern can not do. Most of all, perhaps, it is the lack of a magnetic, compelling, what one might call “creative,” voice.

He has, on the other hand, intelligence, taste, grace, excellent diction, indefatigable industry, a popular following, and the highest intentions. And these last two are not easily overestimated. Many have high intentions, but lack the money and popularity necessary to experiment with them. Some, like Mr. Warfield, within the narrow limits they set for themselves, master their material and their audience far more completely than Mr. Sothern can. But Mr. Warfield is trying to get rich, and he is willing, apparently, to play a second-class part forever, more or less, provided it will bring so-and-so many thousands of dollars to the box-office each week. Mr. Sothern has both desire and opportunity. He seems likely to come nearer than any one else to filling the place left vacant by Richard Mansfield.

THE PLAYWRIGHT'S PROGRESS

By WALLACE IRWIN

PINERO JONES he wrote a play—
’Twas called, I think, “The Stellar Way.”
Here horrors multiplied by threes
And held the Classic Unities.

The scene was laid in ancient Tyre;
’Twas filled with togas, idols, ire,
Where Jove and Jones contrived their worst—
(’Twas shown to Julia Marlowe first).

PINERO JONES had small success
In pleasing Marlowe's pensiveness,
And so he changed “The Stellar Way”
Into a modern parlor play.

He added English tweeds, divorce,
A dash of romance, tea, remorse,
Put in a scene that mildly gripped—
And showed John Drew the manuscript.

WHEN this came back Jones wasn't sad.
He changed the name to “Ulster's Lad,”
And English landlord, mortgaged farm,
Dudeens, colleens, and “local charm,”
Love, romance, knockdowns, county fairs,
Some sentimental Irish airs—
And soon the drama seemed so fit
That Chauncey Olcott smiled on it.

THE thing came back, of course, and then
Up took P. Jones his ready pen.
The blarney was revised to guff
Of horsy flavor, rather tough;
A Chorus Girl of self-respect
With little Sister to protect—
So Jones arranged a new locale
And took the script to Rosa Stahl.

WHAT need in detail to relate
The fight of Jones with fickle fate?
At last, in brief, a music play
Came out in name “The Milk White Way”—
Sans wit, sans lines, sans plot, sans sense;
The bill-boards had it “Hit Immense!”
And Jones to-day, beyond the seas,
Lives like a king—on royalties.

IMMORAL Moral that I teach!
The Mortal who the Stars could reach
Should dally less with Sophocles
Than modern bards who write with ease.
The kind of Art that can not fail
Is Art upon a sliding scale,
Which, though it miss the gods aloof,
May please the Gardens on the Roof.

three plays a night. A gifted little Japanese and her company performed the middle one, and, all in all, the evening's entertainment was worth seeing. The public's psychology toward collections of one-act plays seems to be, however, exactly what it is toward collections of short stories. They will buy wretched novels just as they will go to wretched plays, but they will not pay two dollars to see three short plays, however excellent, any more than they will buy volumes of excellent short stories.

And Mr. Daly did everything he could to increase this prejudice by his personal bumptiousness and absurd pretense of esoteric intellectuality. It seems a pity that

THE MAKING OF AN ACTRESS

An Anonymous Autobiography in Three Parts

Part I



All the Lions and Thorns that Beset Her Path—the Dramatic School that Theorized, the Agents and Managers that Kept Her Waiting for Hours and Months, the Wonderful, Endless Rehearsals, the Performances where She Blundered, the Accent with which She Bravely Wrestled

IF YOU happen to be born, as I was, with equal parts of ambition and Pennsylvania accent, you'll find a stage career a good deal like that of the frog which tried to get out of the well by taking one jump ahead and two back. But that both may be conquered is what at last I was taught by my dramatic experience. At least, a good deal of my ambition is gone. I wish I were as sure of the accent.

Of course I am still ambitious, but I've lost several illusions. I'm harder, more callous, a little less of a lady. But, on the other hand, I've learned that the sincere study and practise of an art makes almost all its limitations tolerable. The greatest limitation I had, after all, was that I had no personal influence. Ask any actress what that means; she'll tell you. It means, for one thing, that, while you can get on to a certain extent, you can never get to the top. Well, I'm not at the top, yet!

The first thing I did, after finding myself stage-struck, was to cut off my front name. Nysida! Who would ever possibly believe that it wasn't made up, like the name of a show-girl or a perfume, or a sleeping-car? That fanciful gift of my mother's gone, I became Catharine Davis. No one could accuse me of vanity—and didn't Booth Tarkington and Bliss Carman and a lot of writers amputate their cognomens? Then I joined a dramatic school.

The School of Dramatic Art

AT THE Cornwall School I learned—now, what *was* it I learned there! Oh, yes, I remember: to have my right foot always forward whenever I used my right hand in a gesture. We were drilled hard in that detail. We used to go to the matinees and criticize Julia Marlowe for violating this important rule, and we decided that our prize pupil was much superior, for that reason. There was another piece of technique, now I think of it, that helped to form me. I recall that once, when I was reading the lines—

"Oh, sugar not by the moon, th' inconstant moon!"

the head of the school rapped sharply on the table with his pencil. "Remember!" he called out. "the voice should follow the location of the object! The moon is high, therefore the voice should be pitched high. Now, go on!" Richard Mansfield and Ellen Terry seemed notably deficient in this regard, and we wondered how they had ever made such reputations. We marveled, too, that Ada Rehan could commit such a breach of stage etiquette as to "kick her train!" Verily, wisdom dwelt with us.

Our mothers used to come and sit in front during the exhibition performances and tell how Mr. Lowell had told them that *their* daughters had phenomenal ability, and that he had said that all Maude wanted was "one more term." So he told me, also, but I didn't take it, having become smitten with the work at the Lane School, which was more "classic." Here the curriculum consisted in the teaching of just four

scenes, and I learned to play Juliet, Parthenia in "Ingomar," Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons," and Lady Teazle in "The School for Scandal," rehearsing a cut-and-dried formula for the reading of every line.

Well, I suppose I should have been at the school yet if it hadn't occurred to me that perhaps Miss Marlowe knew as much about acting as Mr. Lowell or Mr. Lane, and that how you used your hands and feet didn't matter nearly so much as how you used your head. This was such an original and revolutionary idea that I walked out of the school with it and began to look for an engagement.

Chasing Agents and Managers

THEN the kitten's eyes began to open, and I saw things. I feel inclined to use a row of asterisks, as fiction writers do. . . . I saw things that it hadn't occurred to me before had anything to do with ability or experience. Things that every one seemed to know except me, for they didn't teach this way of getting a part at the School of Acting. Things that forced me to put on the first suit of moral chain-mail which makes me a bit hard and cold to-day. No girl will believe them until she tries for a position. She believes that sincerity, talent, perseverance, are all that count—until she begins to wait in offices along with ninety-six others, while the agent is talking with his favorite, or taking her out to lunch.

"No power on earth can get you to see Belasco!" The motto echoes up and down Broadway. For a while I tried for him as hard as a Nihilist tries to get to the Czar. I wrote to his representative (one of the "37 Varieties") fifteen times, and was at last told to call "Between Ten and One." Dreadful phrase—how often I've shuddered at it—it's the Interval of Bad Luck! But I did call between ten and one, and from ten to one, usually. I called for two months, patiently and impatiently, persistently, hopefully, despairingly, aggressively, humbly. And that's the end of *that* story.

Back to the agents, again! Back to the little dingy cubby-holes filled with anemic men, blatant or effeminate; girls wearing their frayed, soiled "stock ward-robes" and run-over high-heeled gray suede slippers; girls and men of all ages, good, bad, and indifferent. "Anything this morning?" (sweetly). "No, nothing for you!" (cortly, laughingly). This, after hours and hours of waiting—when, at last, the door marked "PRIVATE" opens, and the potentate appears to look over the crowd. He nods and beckons to Miss Robinson, who giggles and smirks, and disappears into the office-sanctum. As she passes in, he calls her "angel-face." What happens inside? I was never an "angel-face" and I never found out. I take up, wearily, a six-day-old newspaper, that has been read over and over again to very tatters by that patient crowd. As soon as the seat next the door is vacated, every one jumps for it, as if it were a lucky place. The applicants grow to know each other like prisoners in jail; they seem to have been born there, years ago; some, I was sure,

would die there, waiting. And, this three hours gone, all standing but three fortunate possessors of the three wooden chairs. Standing all the forenoon, standing all the afternoon. Would gladly stand all night, were there any chance for the impossible, of the potentate's eyes alighting upon them.

When I did get my two-minute chance I was often told bluntly: "No girl gets anything for nothing, in this town—except by an accident!" Well, I would wait for an accident.

Back to the manager again. I sought another myth—hero tradition told of, Daniel Frohman. I sought him as men seek sea-serpents, wondering if such a thing did really exist. I had read of him in the papers; I had met a girl who had a friend who had seen him; he was at least on earth. Jack-the-Giant-Killer was an idle coward compared with me on my quest. And I would, I suppose, be still upon the search, now, if I hadn't happened to meet him in the elevator-car. I had had my accident.

I spoke to him! He actually answered me! (I wear that lucky swastika yet!) Had I written to him? Yes, God knows! I didn't say how many times I had written. My heart was in my mouth. I went into the sacred reception room; I sent in my card with "by appointment" tremblingly scribbled on it—a bluff. Oh, I had learned my lesson, by this time! I was admitted.

"Well, what have you done?"

I knew that if I acknowledged that I had had no experience there was nothing for me but to apply at some cheap agency and go on as an "extra woman" at six dollars per week. I had tried letters of introduction, that might as well have been thrown into the fire; I had tried every "pull" I had—except my good looks, in the way so many others did. So, this time, I confess I simply lied about it. I said that I had been eight months at the Alcazar Theatre in San Francisco in "stock," that I had played the Middle West in the "Love for Love" Company, that I had had a small part at Atlantic City. I wasn't a lady any more; I was a reckless, ambitious woman crazy to get on the stage and show what I could do.

There may have been some quality in my voice, I don't know. Perhaps it was the eagerness in my eyes (I'm one of the few actresses who never use their eyebrows—it makes your forehead wrinkle)—anyway, he said he was afraid he hadn't anything good enough to offer me. I said I'd take anything. The result was that I was immediately sent over to the theatre where there were 165 girls jammed on the stage, like a convention platform, all trying for just seven small parts. I stood up with the crowd, who were answering, "Yes, sir! Yes, sir!" till it sounded like a stock-exchange on a busy day. I didn't think that there was the least use in competing with such a mob, and was turning to go away, when a man I knew recognized me, and I spoke to him for a moment. I must have shown some animation, in spite of my discouragement—it couldn't have been my Pennsylvania accent, could it?—for the star looked over at me, curiously.

"Will that young lady on the end, in the blue dress, please step forward?" he said. It came like a stroke

of lightning. I went up, answered all his questions with a "Yes, sir!" and said, like Una, in "The Rose and the Ring" that "I could dance and I could sing, and I could do most anything!" The rest were all sent away, the scene was set, and we began to rehearse. I had lighted on my feet!

My First Appearance

IT WAS a scene filled with intricate business of the swiftest kind of ensemble work. It required quick thinking, and constant, lively facial expression, even more than a proper reading of the lines. The action was all linked together so that if one made a mistake it threw the others out. After the rehearsal was over the stage-manager said I would do, and the star called me "temperamental."

At the first performance I had the usual attack of stage fright. I seemed to be dreaming, and kept saying to myself: "Well, of course I'll have to play this part *to-morrow* night, anyway, but I'd better go through with it now, for I *may* be awake, after all!" Most good actors never see their audience—Joe Jefferson said that there should be nothing "in front" but a big room with four walls. If that's the test of a good actor, I qualified that first night, all right. Sometimes, still, I have that fear and dread, while sometimes I simply can't wait till the curtain goes up; but I've never really seen a spectator yet. If I did, I'd be out of the picture in an instant. It would throw me out of my part and destroy the illusion. That first performance my voice was steady enough, but my knees were weak. I felt dizzy, and seemed to be walking on jelly.

The First Step Forward

AFTER we had been playing for some time, three girls left the company, and three new ones were sent on from New York to fill their places in the ensemble scene. They rehearsed for some time with the stage-manager taking the title rôle, for the star did not condescend to attend ordinary rehearsals. When they went on for the first time at an actual performance, and instead of the mild tones of the stage-manager the star's thundering voice came pealing forth in the part, they were frightened speechless. The first girl absolutely could not respond. The star tried again, addressing the second, who, thrown off her guard by the first girl, also failed to speak aloud. "Oh, my God!" groaned the star, gripping my arm. I had the third speech, and, of course, being accustomed to his manner, read the lines all right. Then, seeing that the other two girls were still dumb, I boldly took their speeches and got them all off in order, with their business put in as well as I could. The girls came off almost stunned. "I'd rather leave the stage than go through that agony!" said one of them, her teeth chattering still. The result was that I was given all their lines in that scene. It was my first victory.

If there was a single mistake made during a performance the star would immediately call a midnight rehearsal—no joke, I assure you, for the company, who wanted more than anything to go to bed. He would then ferret out the person who made the error that spoiled the scene, and point her out conspicuously to the rest.

"This rehearsal is called for *you*, young lady," he said to me, one night at 12.30 o'clock. "You evidently don't know how to take a curtain call. I want you to understand that when you're called out with me, you're to bow first to the audience, and then to the star. Now I'd like to see you try it!" And, while the impatient company waited, I was taught that one point. I never had to be told again!

A Lost Opportunity

AFTER we had played for about two weeks I made a mistake that taught me one great lesson: that of the value of opportunity on the stage. It was, however, a mistake of omission, not of commission. I had asked for an understudy, and had been told that they had all been given out. Of course, being green, I thought that there was no use in studying up any other parts. But, one night, when the leading lady was ill, a special rehearsal was called. The "general understudy," who is supposed to know every part in the piece, and had been rehearsed for weeks by the stage-manager, was tried. The star objected to her work. Then the special understudy for that part was given a chance. The manager objected, "Won't do! She can't play the rôle." They don't mince matters at such times, and an actor is sent to the foot of the class like a dunce. Then the star, who had been watching my face, came over and said: "Miss Davis, for Heaven's sake, don't *you* know this part?" I slumped. I had lost the chance of a lifetime. Perhaps I didn't begin to study that play! In a week I had every part perfect, but it was too late. The lighting didn't strike twice in *that* place!

I didn't know whether I was succeeding in my own work till I fell ill for three weeks, and my understudy took the rôle. I had the chief part in one scene with the star—at least all his speeches were directed to me, and I had considerable business of a rather subtle sort. He had trained me to rise and move in such a way as not to distract the attention of the audience from him. I did it in a kind of cat-like way that never threw him out or made my character more conspicuous than his. The special understudy was just wrong enough to disconcert him and spoil the effect of his lines. She rose on the cue, turned and sat down at the right time, but somehow she failed to support him adequately—she couldn't seem to catch his *tempo*, she wasn't symp-

thetic. The general understudy was tried with the same result. The consequence was that most of the business was cut out of that part until I was well enough to go on with it again.

This confidence in my ability emboldened me, before the company closed, to ask the star's advice about my acting. He consented to hear me read one of the principal parts. It was on the piazza of a hotel in Helena, Montana—I recall it so plainly, because of the shock I received when he began to talk it over with me.

A Lesson in Enunciation

TATURALLY, he said the complimentary things first. My appearance was good. I had grace in handling the stage. I always had perfect control of the situation—and all that. BUT— If he had six hours for conversation he could spend it all in talking about the horrible way in which I spoke. Pronunciation, enunciation, accent, inflection, all were marred and jarred. He enumerated a list of words that he had had to endure, rendered in my Pennsylvania style. Everything ending in "r" was damned, of course. He said I said "riverrrrrrrrrr." One-syllabled words I made two, like "their," which I called "they-er," and two-syllabled words I made one, like "very."

"The audience must wonder what language you're speaking," he said. "It's neither English, nor Dutch, nor Hindu. You'll have to learn to speak your mother-tongue before you'll get on, on the stage."

He advised me to practise every day, reading aloud from a book or newspaper, deliberately pronouncing every word carefully by syllables. I must not say "Uni' States," but "United States" without clipping. Lastly, he gave me a list of trick sentences upon which to practise my voice for fluency and accuracy. I remember that list yet. Heaven knows I ought to know them, after a year's practise in season and out of season. Here are some of them:

"The incomprehensibility of the article, etymologically considered, is evident."

"She uttered a sharp, shrill shriek and shrank from the enshrouded shrine."

"The listlessness and the laziness of the frivolous."

"Every government has its history."

"The elements of our language include consonants,"
"Councilors should be particularly superior."

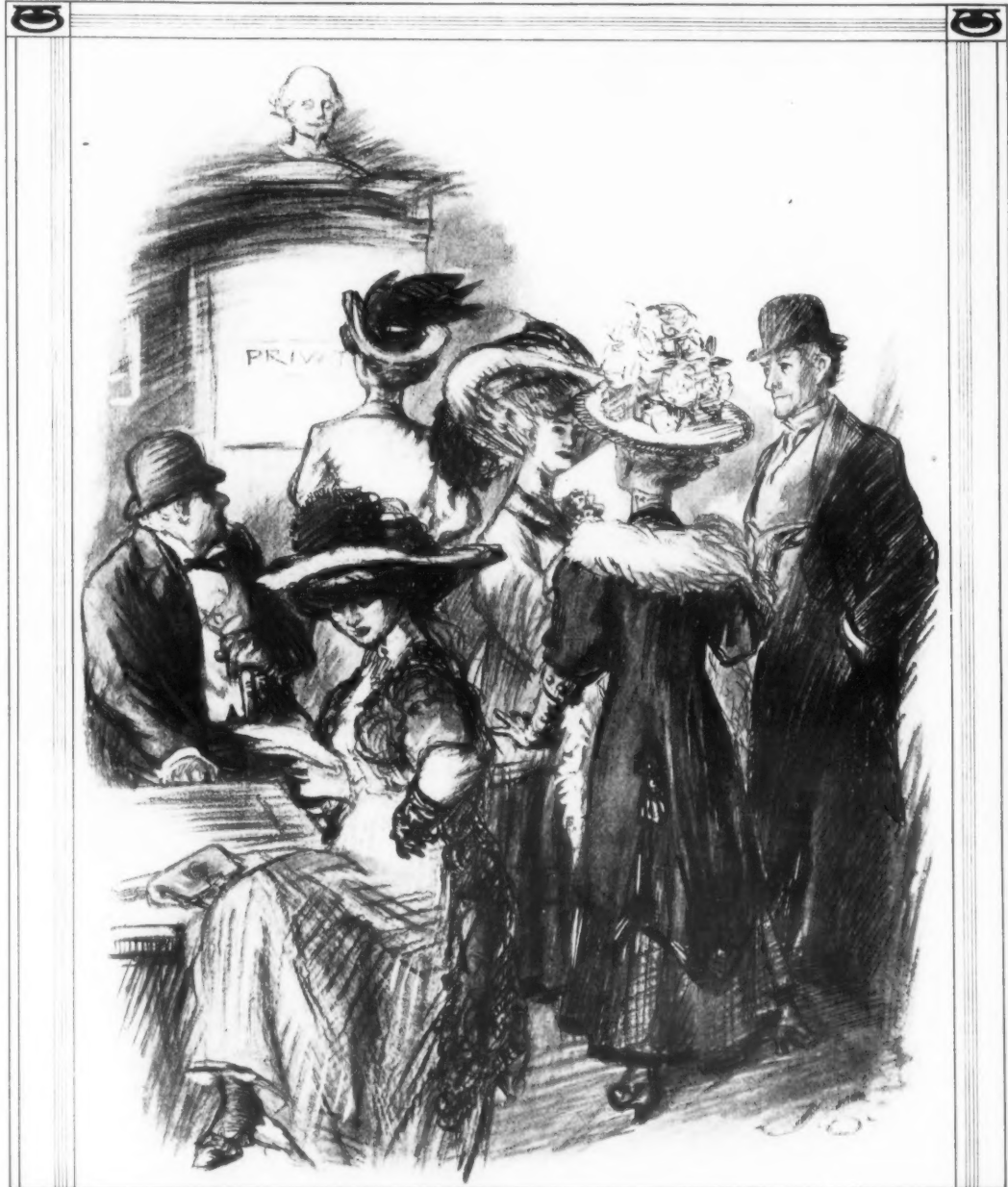
"The miserable accompaniment is unnecessary and intolerable."

Of course, I had chattered off those "Peter Prangle, the prickly, prangly pear-picker" absurdities, "Peter Piper," and "She sells sea-shells," and that sort of thing often enough in fun when I was a girl. But this was in deadly earnest. Why, even to pronounce "tel-e-phon" and "evi-dent" properly was no easy task. I read aloud for three hours a day, and I practised trilling my "r's" till my tongue was flexible. Then I studied enunciation, speaking in front of a hand mirror till my lips were as mobile as Margaret Illington's. Have you ever heard her say—no, I mean *seen* her say: "Oh, Rich-ard, farm-cy be-ing CHUCKED?" A deaf man in the third gallery could get the words!

Practise in Reading Lines

I TRIED for light and shade and color, to get every word out crisp, to avoid monotony. I studied the weights of words, pauses, and all the different ways of getting an effect over the foot-lights. I tried to digest every sentence till it was really a part of my thought and emotion. For months I had had the example of a popular actress who had made a great reputation in vaudeville, but who, on the stage, absolutely failed to impart the value of her lines to the audience. She was sweet, personable, but ineffective. She could not see why she didn't get on. The reason was that she thought only for herself. I wanted to try to think for the five thousand in the audience. To give sufficient emphasis in rendering that, when it reached the house, it would appear natural was a harder problem than that of a natural make-up.

(To be continued next week)

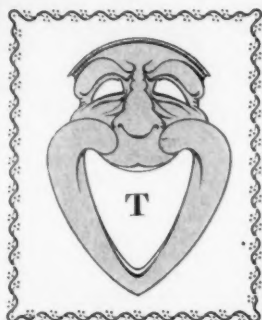


Waiting to See the Manager

Waiting in offices along with ninety-six others, while the agent or manager is otherwise engaged. The direction to call "Between Ten and One" means call from ten to one, and keep on calling for a couple of months

OUR OLD FRIENDS FROM THE

A friendly enumeration of the present-day stage characters that occur in every "show"—The Lieutenant-hero; the King, exchanging the crown for a moistened towel; the Ch...



The Lover

THE author of a modern musical comedy can make use of one of two kinds of lovers. Neither of them must for a moment be confounded with the kind of musical heroes whose cabinet photographs our mothers used to buy. This young man, whose features and form leaned nonchalantly against and largely obliterated the mirrors of the boudoirs of the last generation, was a rather mushy sort of person, who wore a wig of ringlets surmounted by a velvet plumed hat; below this a lace collar, well down on a bulging throat, and he often had a curling mustache and invariably wore tights. He was a saucy, pretty fellow, who, having allowed his lace handkerchief to flutter to the stage, carefully knelt on it at the feet of his lady love, usually a princess for some reason, and held captive in her father's own palace. We doubt very much if either of the types of modern comic opera lover would recognize the old time lover at all.

The most popular of the two types of our hero is, of course, the naval-lieutenant-lover, a devil of a fellow, yet likable, with a clear-cut, smooth face and a waist line, and his part demands a white duck suit, a clanking sword, a cleared stage for his solo in the second act, and a chorus girl to wave an American flag over him at the end of the opera. He does not kneel to his sweetheart or the American flag or anything—not this splendid boy. He just stands there during the finale, his white-gloved hand about the waspy waist of his affianced—the leading lady soprano—with no more passion in his grip than a freshman doing a two-step at a college hop. He may cast a tentative glance at the lady with the black-and-white plaid—third seat from the aisle on the front row—but not even a glance at his intended, although his arm be about her.

You can always tell when the lieutenant-hero is going to make his first entrance, because you hear the drummer in the corner of the orchestra pit begin to beat a rivided rat-a-tat-tat on his snare drum. Then a little flower girl with a short skirt and usually blond hair runs up stage, and shading her eyes, looks off left, and turning to her girl companions, says, in a high voice—which seems to indicate that she was engaged for her pulchritude rather than too great a devotion to voice culture: "Oh, girls, here they come!" The orchestra leader waves his baton, pom-pom goes the bass drum, the trumpets flare into a stirring march, the chorus girls jump up and down and wave off left, and with good reason, for here comes the lover-lieutenant, just off his man-o'-war. Followed by his trusty marines with flat blue hats and white gaiters, he wheels and never stops until his vizor is well over the footlights. Not a smile to the waving chorus girls, no chucking of the dimpled chins for him—his clean-shaven features are hard-set, and, without a word of warning or invitation, he breaks forth in a military strain about "doo-o-ty," or the "fell-agg" or "gu-l-o-ry."

But the tenor lover at the summer show up the street is a rather different sort of a person. He is young, usually made in England, smooth-featured and good-looking, like the lieutenant, but he has no duck suit, for he is something in a broker's office and is, for the moment, in a financial scrape, although a splendid dresser and the son of a very wealthy man. He wears a striped dark flannel suit in the first act, and is conspicuous for the tint of his tie and the vari-colored ribbon of his straw hat. Although he has no secured income, like the lieutenant, he seems to have a fine credit at the restaurants and the florists' and the jewelers', and makes his entrance, fairly pursued by eight show girls in long filmy dresses, picture hats, and lace parasols. It seems they are from some musical comedy and were all out with the young man the night before at a very gay supper, and what is more natural than that they should tell all about it to the audience in a song, with a chorus that gives them a chance to swing across stage and show off the gowns to the very best possible advantage? A little later he has a love duet with the soprano, whom he really loves, notwithstanding his midnight suppers in Lobsteria, and after this he has a rather racy scene with the banker father, who, it seems, is a bit of a sport on his own. But, of course, his real chance comes, just as it does in the case of the lieutenant-lover, in the second act, when he sings his solo, with stage cleared. He wears a white flannel suit for this and a different tinted tie, and discards the straw hat entirely. He generally sings about the moon or the stars or some of the elements, many thousands of miles away, or it may be to his leading-lady sweetheart, who is standing in the wings with a pink shawl over her shoulders and a colored maid at her side. The leading-lady sweetheart really hears very little of what he is singing about, because she is looking over the "past performances" of the entries for the next day at the races. But what does the lover care, for he has a cleared stage? It may be "The Courtyard of the Hotel de Plaza, Nice," or the "Esplanade at Cannes," or "The Pelouse at Auteuil," but whichever it is and however great the mob, the tenor must have a cleared stage at one time during the second act of all properly con-

¹ The word "they" in musical comedy means twelve soldiers on Broadway, eight soldiers on "the road."



The Lover



The Show Girl



The Soubrette

structed comic operas. The Esplanade, at the very height of its gaiety, the Hotel Courtyard filled with restless guests, the Pelouse, crowded with its excited racing mob, must for one moment become absolutely deserted, save for that one manly figure in the white duck uniform of the United States Navy or the white flannels of the private yacht. The crowd of pretty girls and bravely dressed men vanish before your very eyes, and there he comes walking slowly down stage. You know he is the tenor lover, and that by tradition and a contract he is entitled to a song, and that he is going to sing it, and that there is nothing in this world that you can do to stop him.

The Leading Lady

THE leading woman of our musical comedy is a wholly different person from the lady at whose feet the last generation laid its orchids. The latter was a very dolorous, serious individual, who just missed being a grand opera prima donna—tall and big all over, and she made her entrance in a flowered silk brocade with a large leghorn hat over a wig of chestnut colored curls, and usually carried a white staff with ribbons on it. There were eight young ladies, who followed her about everywhere, and their greatest activity was an occasional minuet—cold and stately. This leading lady was nearly always a princess, and the stage daughter of the comedian, who was a king, and she started in with a ballad, and in the second act sang a lullaby and a passionate duet with the lover who wore lavender tights and a plume. The most popular type of our day is the jolly young person—the kind of girl who would be a howling success at a Yale Prom, and whose idea of a home life is the Casino at Narragansett. Nothing would induce her to wear a wig, and if it were not for an occasional careless swish of her long lingerie frock she would be just as modest as any Newport heiress. She is usually recruited from Troy or Utica or Skaneateles Falls or some up-State town, and if her folks were not exactly in the most exclusive set, she was a real belle in the church sociable and strawberry festival circle. There was never a cloudless Sunday she didn't go buggy-riding, and she shows it in her work on the stage. Sometimes she is the daughter of a doctor from the upper West Side of New York, and has had a thorough training in long daily walks up and down Fifth Avenue, and tea at the Waldorf after Wednesday matinees, and this she shows, too, on the stage. There is nothing stately about this prima donna—she is a regular romp, and yet always the perfect lady. In her lingerie frock or her lace blouse and her white voile skirt, she fairly frisks down stage at her first entrance and tells what a thoroughly jolly girl she really is. But, of course, she is not the only jolly girl—there are nine of them in all. The other eight are dressed pretty much as their leader is, only their lingerie dresses are not nearly so well made or so lacey.

There is always a gingery rhythm to this opening song of the modern prima donna, and she tells you about "promenading the avenue" or "strolling Broadway" and a "nice young man." These nine young girls tell you over and over again there is "nothing wrong," but when the song is over and they have smiled at every man on the front row and ogled all the elderly parties in the eight proscenium boxes, one can not help feeling they are regular flirts, and their footwork predicts a happy future at a skating-rink rather than at the pedal of a sewing-machine. In the play the leading lady is the daughter of a rich New Yorker or a Chicago retired merchant, and she is traveling with him and the eight young ladies. In musical comedy this young prima donna is always traveling—it may be we find her at Nice or it may be at an island in the Southern Pacific—but one never catches her at home. But mother is at home—you never find mother gallivanting about—dear

old mother stays right at home. She probably would want to go to Palestine if she left the old place, anyhow, and Palestine is no locale for a comic opera. Besides, if mother was along father could not have all the fun he does with the eight young ladies. The old man dotes on embracing the octette, and they pull his side-whiskers and have a great time just among themselves—innocent enough, but mother wouldn't care for it.

In addition to this, this gay old boy gets up an affair with Mlle. Fanchette of the Jardin de Moulin Rouge, and sings a duet with her about "On the Continent," in which he dances the cancan with a good deal of spirit. The curious thing about Fanchette and Father is that they always suddenly decide to dance in the "Courtyard of the Grand Hotel" or on the "Lawn at Lady Tottlebury's Garden Fête." As Fanchette is often very careless with her skirts, it's a wonder they are not arrested, and it really seems as if they could find some more quiet nook if they must dance and sing.

It is surprising, too, that Father should have had such conspicuous success in business, as his actions on the stage seem to distinguish him as the butt or shining mark for almost every one. However, he is a jolly old chap and goes about mopping his bald head with his handkerchief, and loaning money to the comedian which he probably never expects to get back. The jolly soprano daughter can wheedle almost anything out of him, from a touring car to a trip to Gay Paree (Song—"Off to Gay Paree"—Flora and ensemble) and, indeed, any of the eight daughters or cousins or any members of the cast in petticoats is good for a dainty meal. There is only one thing that ruffles Father, and that is Jack—poor, dear, handsome young Jack, the tenor in the flannel suit and the tinted tie. The very mention of Jack's name makes Father peevish, and that is why Jack always appears up stage just as Father goes off angrily by way of the first exit, leaving daughter at centre. But no sooner have the old man's coat-tails disappeared behind the proscenium arch than around the corner comes the brave, but cautious, lover, and he and Father get together as if they were on either end of a rubber strap pulled taut and then let loose.

The Soubrette

OF COURSE the soubrette of our day is not nearly so high socially as the leading lady. The soubrette is usually recruited from either vaudeville or Vassar, but, as a rule, she does not care to confess to either. If she comes from vaudeville she naturally has little desire to become reminiscent over the trained dogs that preceded her act or the educated horse that followed it, and if she hails from Vassar, the chances are she was expelled during her freshman year for a too great devotion to amateur theatricals and to being the real cut-up among "all the girls." The soubrette is always irrepressible and, very naturally, irresponsible, as she has nothing to do with the plot at all. You can tell her at once because her skirt only reaches just below her knees and she always "enters laughingly." The soubrette always laughs or smiles, and it must be said to her credit that not since comic opera has existed has she been known to frown or say one serious word about anything to any one. She is wonderfully nimble on her feet, too, and never walks across stage without a neat skip or two, and when she really dances her patent leathered feet always "twinkle." One may account, to some extent, for the subsidiary part the soubrette plays in the real motive of the drama, from the fact that she has promised to marry the low comedian long before the curtain goes up on the first act. Unlike the leading woman, she has no barriers to climb for three long acts to reach her lover's

arms at the low comedian's feet. The low comedian, the soubrette: "Will you have a drink of fact on, and a we are ready that we are him. Then low comed-ticular fri-stoops to a tory path the two girls gets all altogether lovers of from the y "have the Once a s-sequently be-often mak-never seem-up for this perennial-plauded th-dance, and to-day. Y-on her wa-summer-t-cute and a soggy leth-life of a s-infinite var-

T stout or v-come in m-Chancellor the Chanc-fat the Ch-comic oper-acters in a-the most t-ing perfect-pears, is s-the Chanc-doesn't thi-his Chanc-siphon int-funny int-a comedian-sometimes-account, a-nose or ha-or speaks-fuges work-but most-ask the Ch-of arsenic-is sometim-Second Co-Plot. Fro-entrance s-left him a

M THE MUSICAL COMEDIES

tenant; the Tenor Lover; the Romping Prima Donna; "Father," the Easy Mark; the Twinkling Soubrette; the Chorus Girl, and the Yawning Show Girl



The Leading Lady



The Chorus Girl



The Comedians

S BELMONT DAVIS

arms at the finale. Very soon after the opening chorus the low comedian always says in a peevish voice to the soubrette: "When are you going to marry me?" never "Will you marry me?" because, as you remember, she has already plighted her troth to him. But, as a matter of fact, she is something of a flirt, as we see later on, and a good deal of a minx, and it is not until we are reaching for our hats during the last act finale that we are quite sure she is really going to marry him. Then, just as the last curtain falls, she gives the low comedian a good hug—that is, if she has no particular friend down in front. As the leading lady never stoops to any recognition of the low comedian, her amatory path and that of the soubrette never cross, and the two girls are really great pals. The soubrette forgets all about her own love affairs and devotes herself altogether to dancing and untangling the affairs of the lovers of the main plot. She will carry a note to or from the young man in flannels or steal a key or even "have the horses waiting in the courtyard."

Once a soubrette, always a soubrette—chorus girls frequently become Shakespearian tragediennes and ushers often make very good Shylocks, but a soubrette's rôle never seems to lead to better things. However, to make up for this, the red-cheeked soubrette is blessed with perennial youth, and that is why our grandfathers applauded the same lady in the scarlet silk hose, the same dance, and sometimes the same song we are applauding to-day. Year after year the soubrette continues smiling on her way—on the stage in winter, on the roof in summer—there she is smiling, skipping, trying to be cute and arouse the hard-worked business man from his soggy lethargy. Compared to that of the soubrette, the life of a sheep-herder on a Montana side-hill is one of infinite variety.

The Comedians

THE leading comedian of a modern comic opera is nearly always a king. You can tell him by the brass crown with the red Canton flannel lining, and his very serious expression. This, according to the best traditions of comic opera, is a most laughable trait in itself. He is always very short and stout or very tall and thin—comedians never seem to come in medium sizes. His constant companion is his Chancellor of the Exchequer, and if the King is tall the Chancellor is short, and if the King is short and fat the Chancellor is tall. Folks who write and manage comic operas are great on contrasts. Of all the characters in a musical comedy, the Chancellor is certainly the most to be pitied. He spends most of his time making perfectly foolish remarks to the King, who, it appears, is splendid at repartee, and thus turns everything the Chancellor says into a joke; and if the audience doesn't think it is a very good joke, the comedian spans his Chancellor with a slap-stick or squirts a seltzer-siphon into his face, because that is supposed to be funny and to make the audience laugh, and that is what a comedian is paid a large salary for. The Chancellor sometimes tries to create a little amusement on his own account, and, to accomplish this, wears a large putty nose or has knots on his legs under his cotton tights or speaks in a high, squeaky voice. All these subtleties work finely on the children at Saturday matinees, but most of the folks who go at night would like to ask the Chancellor out to supper and buy him a goulash of arsenic and cyanide of potassium. The Chancellor is sometimes called the Comic Relief and sometimes the Second Comedian, but he really ought to be called The Plot. From the very moment the comedian finishes his entrance song and the chorus has tripped off and has left him alone with the King—that is, alone always

excepting the jolly innkeeper, who is still busy down stage left, wiping off the table with his apron—he begins to unravel the plot. The King says he must have more money, and the Chancellor replies that the exchequer is empty, and the only hope for the present dynasty is for the King's Daughter to marry the son of the Neighboring King, who is rich and has a son who is even now at the city gates blowing his trumpet to be let in and for the King's Daughter to be let out. There! The plot is out and unraveled, and the Chancellor has nothing to do until the ballroom scene in the very last of the next act, when he picks up the threads. Naturally, the King raves a good deal about giving up his Daughter to the Neighboring King, and issues a great many orders about having her locked up in her room, and abuses the Chancellor and whacks him until he is interrupted by the entrance of the Prince Lover with his band of roysterers.

After the opening chorus of the second act, in which the girls whom we knew as Village Maidens in the first act now all appear as the favorites of the King's harem, and wear hand-worked bolero jackets and mosquito-net bloomers, the King himself turns up with a towel wrapped about his head. It seems he has been having a rather gay night, and is feeling so bad that he insists on telling the audience all about it. If that was not enough trouble for one man, along comes the "character woman," made up like the chorus girls in the bolero jacket and bloomers, only she wears a long putty nose and is supposed to look like the popular idea of a New England spinster. Notwithstanding her extreme ugliness, she has a tremendous pull with the King and gives him a terrible tongue-lashing. She probably "knows something" about the King's past, because any one in the audience, even without opera-glasses, could understand how the blond Favorite of the Harem, who stands during the opening chorus on the very end of the line on the O. P. side, just over the man who plays the bass viol, might have a pull with the King, but never the scrawny spinster lady. As a matter of fact, kings have a pretty hard time getting married in comic opera and make a wonderful lot of mistakes. The King means well and picks out the prettiest girl on the stage for his bride, and thinks he marries her, too, but after the ceremony is over he asks the bride to lift her veil for one kiss, and instead of the prettiest girl on the stage, who is, of course, the soprano leading lady, there is the ugly face of the "character woman." Of course, the two women changed dresses just before the ceremony took place, and although the soprano leading lady is fairly short and just a little stout, and the "character woman" is tall and scrawny, the King never noticed the difference on account of the lace veil. Besides, this is one of the oldest tricks played on stage kings, and although you would think they had been warned often enough, they will probably go on doing it just as the honest American farmer continues to buy green goods.

The Chorus Girl

AM the belle of New York," sings the leading lady, standing well down stage, and the chorus girl, standing anywhere in the human horseshoe, sings: "Yes, she is the belle of New York." The very next line the leading woman admits coyly that "I'm the subject of all the town talk," and the chorus girl sings back: "She's the subject of all the town talk." That's the trouble with the chorus girl. In a profession not celebrated for its modesty of self-appreciation, the chorus girl is never allowed to sing one word in her own praise. "I have the note!" howls angered parent in the first act finale. "He has the note!" shrieks back the chorus girl, which fact—the note being waved aloft—is really quite evident to every one.

The chorus girl practically thinks aloud—she is the living embodiment of verbosity and tautology. It is

even necessary for her to confine the use of her arms and legs to exactly the same movements as twenty other girls. If she so much as raises her left arm

instead of the right, as she has been taught to do, or if she starts the very simplest dancing step with the wrong foot, just to show she has personality and that she could play "Ophelia" if she were given the chance, she is promptly fined two dollars. At least five times every performance she has to climb several flights of spiral iron staircase to change her dress, and, notwithstanding this, she is expected to grin all the time she is on the stage, telling in song how good the principals are. In return for this she is known as a mere unit of "Our Eight Broilers," or a twelfth of "The Dozen Ponies—Count 'Em." On the program she appears as "Shoeblacks: The Misses Smith, Brown, White, etc.," or "Flower Girls: The Misses White, Smith, Brown, etc." Now how can the brokers with full-dress suits in the upper left-hand box possibly tell by this very meagre information whether she is Smith or Brown or White? Even race-horses have numbers on their saddle-cloths.

When the author is forced by a chorus-girl strike to give one of them a line, it is always written in at the very beginning of the first act while her friends are still sipping their coffee at the club and there is no one "in front," except the commuters from Newark and Jersey City. Even such lines as the chorus girl is allowed contain little possibility for proving that she has real talent. Who can say, "Oh, girls, here come the soldiers!" and show she has temperament, or with that other line when the jolly soprano leading woman suggests some such daring escapade as stealing father's wig or sewing up his pajamas, and the chorus girl says: "Oh, girls, what a lark!" What chance for suppressed emotion is there in every line that necessarily begins with "Oh, girls!" and must be accompanied with business of clapping of hands? If she were only allowed to bring on the note containing the ultimatum from the Neighboring King and kneelingly say: "Sire—a letter." But even that, nowadays, is done by a girl in a special page suit with her name on the program—"Page: Maude Ethel Marlowe"—just because she is a cousin of the leading woman or because she played a scene from "Zaza" at the graduation exercises of "Pirate's Dramatic School of Acting." A chorus girl is but one of a semicircle of blurred mirrors, a faint echo of the prima donna, and that is the reason that her smile seems only too often to be but a stranger to her own face.

The Show Girl

ALL the Show Girl needs is the facial beauty of Maxine Elliott or Ethel Barrymore, the form of a cloak model, the serenity of a Mona Lisa, and a press agent with the eccentricities of Ananias. No intelligence is expected or required, and she is altogether too indifferent and tired to finish a line if it were given to her. The most notable characteristic of the Show Girl is her pride; her pride sits so heavily upon her splendid shoulders that we often wonder why she suffers so from it, until we consult the program and discover that she is one of the six daughters of Sir Bollington-Chugwell of London, or Mr. Spender Moneybags, late of Chicago. It is then easily evident that she has become nauseated with too much position or wealth, and that everything bores her—particularly the prima donna. Her lineage and wealth also account for her lifelike imitation of a lady of the great social world—especially is this the case in her kangaroo walk. After all, why shouldn't she have a swell appearance, for the press agent himself admits that the tall brunette on the end—Vera Monsoon—comes of splendid stock, her father formerly having been the fashionable dentist at Metuchen, and the demi-blonde—third from the prompt side—Miss Caroline Carbutnot, a Southern beauty, is the youngest daughter of William H. Bopps, the undertaker at Kegg's Crossing, Kentucky.

The Show Girl always has a splendid name, and is very particular about it, as it goes entire on the program. After she has chosen the most showy combination she can find in the telephone book, she changes a letter or two in the spelling, and it looks all right. In show-girl nomenclature May is spelt *Mai*; Alice, *Alyce*; and Katherine, *Kathryn*. It's really only a trick of changing the "y" and "i" after all.

The Show Girl has a pretty good time of it, as her social position demands, and, as a rule, appears only three times during an evening. The first time she saunters on with Sir Bollington-Chugwell or Spender Moneybags, and yawns at the audience while Father tells in song how he got rich. In the second act she is considerably more vivacious, and joins in the double sextette, often walking up and down stage and doing several Floradora nods at her exit. The men who wrote the music and lyrics rather hoped she would sing a bit during this number, but they never knew, or had forgotten, how really proud the Show Girl is; so she leaves all the noise-making to the six young swells in the gray high hats and the plum-colored frock coats. But her best emotional work comes in the ballroom scene at the very last—the "Gowns by Louis—hats by Minkenstein" scene. She has some splendid business here of slowly waving feather fan and of walking round in a circle with a young man in a dress suit with pink facings. The stage manager told her she must look interested and chat with the young man, but "my word, it's getting late, and what's the use anyhow!"

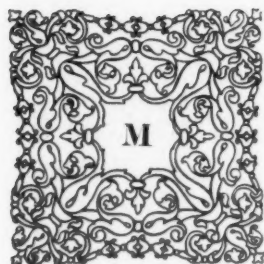
THE WONDER OF IT

The Playwright and his Fire-Year Bargain—the "Bencher" Who Conquered Broadway

By JACQUES FUTRELLE



"For five years of comfort, of living, of achievement, realization, I'd sell my eternal soul!"



MR. JOHN QUINCY DAWKINS, M.A., sat on a bench in Madison Square and gazed pensively at a big toe which protruded impudently from his right boot. Mr. Dawkins was a gentleman, an honor man at Yale. His thesis on political economy was one of the most comprehensive and elucidative, even masterly, efforts his college had ever known. But somehow it didn't work out right, for now Mr. Dawkins was hungry. It wasn't any ordinary sort of hunger either, the thing that gives zest to appetite and makes sheer delight of anticipation; but a gnawing, tormenting agony, fed on by the fuel of uncertainty as to when, if ever, it would be relieved.

Mr. Dawkins smiled grimly as he recalled that last brilliant effort of his college days, with its scintillating syntax and dazzling periods, and thought how useless it all was. Certainly, in his own case, it had fallen far short of actually meeting those conditions which, in the utter wisdom of youth, he had exultantly pinned to paper and mercilessly dissected; and surely that literary gift which had brought it was useless now, since his manuscripts lay on a dozen editors' desks without acceptance, and one of his plays was pigeonholed in every manager's office from Twenty-third to Forty-seventh Streets.

As he moved a little forward on the bench, his last manuscript rattled in his pocket—a play—"The Comedy of Life"—this vital, throbbing thing happening here now right under his eyes. He had not personally delivered it to a manager for the reason that he was wholly un-presentable, and he did not mail it because an avaricious postal system made it necessary to affix stamps, and if he had had the money to buy stamps he would have had a feast of coffee and sinkers instead.

Directly in front of Mr. Dawkins lay Broadway, that living river which flows from end to end of the most marvelous city in the world. Changing cars went grumbling past in an endless stream; automobiles and carriages and trucks and an occasional Fifth Avenue bus were all snarled up in the everlasting maze. Humanity, afoot, darted here and there, with its life in its hand.

Mr. Dawkins saw all these things, and hated them—hated them because to him was denied the simple right of existence. All these people over there on Broadway had had something to eat, or were going where a capricious appetite might lead them. He hadn't had anything to eat, and he wasn't going.

There went a rotund gentleman who had spent enough on his last meal to keep Mr. Dawkins comfortably alive for a week. Mr. Dawkins hated him, not through any personal animosity, but merely because his paunch was well lined, and Mr. Dawkins hated his prototypes just as heartily and for the same reason. All these people

had homes and rooms and beds; while the bench on which Mr. Dawkins sat was, economically enough, home, room, bed, and office for him. These people had shoes and clean linen and all the accoutrements of respectability; Mr. Dawkins had worn his boots to the quick in an effort to sustain that life which had been thrust upon him, and his linen was a sad affair. These people were all clean-shaven and well-barbered; Mr. Dawkins was shaggy about the face and his hair was long and straggly.

For days now, the vital problem before Mr. Dawkins had been the ever-new, ever-old one

—how to live. Unfortunately for him, he had a pride which forbade him looking another human being in the eye and asking for a paltry something wherewith to cement anew a strained acquaintance between body and soul. He would have worked without a murmur, or he would have stolen, but opportunity in both cases was lacking. One miserable night he had gone down and looked at the "bread line," and from a distance he had watched the unhappy wretches there gnawing and tearing at a crust with animal-like voracity. It would have afforded him infinite satisfaction then, delight even, to throttle any individual in the line and take his pitiful share of another man's bounty, but he wouldn't go stand in that line and wait his turn. There was his pride again, so Mr. Dawkins went away hungrier than when he came. He hadn't gone back.

As Mr. Dawkins sat gloomily remembering these things, and ruminating over them, an overfed small boy played near him munching an apple which was no redder than his juvenile cheeks. Mr. Dawkins glared at the apple greedily; perhaps that small boy will never know how near he came to losing it. Over where the fountain rose and fell rhythmically an Irish maid, with a face from County Cork, was stuffing a stuffy baby with crackers and milk.

"Me not want it," protested the child.

"Yez mother said yez were to have it, an' yez are goin' to have it," declared the maid, and the stuffing process went on.

"Me not want it," bawled the baby.

Two lusty, infantile hands gripped the bottle of milk, held it aloft for an instant, then flung it down. It smashed, and the precious white fluid trickled over the pavement almost to the feet of Mr. Dawkins.

"Now!" crowed the baby complacently.

"Well, yez little devil!" said the maid. "I'll tell yez mother o' that."

"Me tell her 'oo did it," said the stuffy baby, with the utmost satisfaction.

Suddenly Mr. Dawkins was seized with a wild unreasoning rage at the pitiful waste. For an instant his starving brain reeled at the pounding rush of blood, then he clenched his hands, and recovered himself with a jerk. From the Madison Avenue side of the Square a policeman sauntered along leisurely. Mr. Dawkins eyed him thoughtfully, and noted that the line of his coat was all awry from a plethora of food.

"If I should go over there and give that cop a swift poke in the nose I could eat all right," mused Mr. Dawkins, "for at least thirty days. A police magistrate would see to that."

He continued to eye the policeman steadily as he approached. At last the majesty of the law took cognizance of the scrutiny, and went straight to Mr. Dawkins.

"What are you looking at me for?" he demanded brusquely.

"I don't like the way you wear your hat," replied Mr. Dawkins.

He stared at the policeman with a steady glitter in his famished blue eyes.

"What are you trying to do? Kid me?" demanded the bluecoat. "Move along out o' this now. You loafers are always hanging around here instead o' going out looking for a job. Move along. Beat it!"

Mr. Dawkins arose, and looked the law squarely in the eye.

"I've a good mind to give you a bash in the jaw," said Mr. Dawkins calmly, and, turning, he walked through the Square on toward Fifth Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street. The policeman looked after him in momentary surprise, then resumed his leisurely saunter.

Mr. Dawkins paused opposite Martin's and sat down

again. It was just one o'clock, and the midday throng was pouring into the café. For a long time Mr. Dawkins looked, and gradually his face hardened. The square jaw was thrust forward a little, his teeth were pressed together, and a bitterly grim expression played about his mouth. After a time a strange mistiness came into his eyes; he felt giddy and weak, and his flaccid muscles quivered within their beds. It was the breaking up of a strong man; a final collapse of ambition, aspiration, hope; the relinquishment of success and life; the arrival of that crucial moment when, to save his own life, he would have to go and poke the policeman in the nose, and he didn't like to do that. It was messy, and perhaps his nose would bleed.

"I'd give my life for success," he burst out passionately, fiercely. "For five years of comfort, of living, of achievement, realization, I'd sell my eternal soul!"

For a time he sat weakly staring down at the ground with the world reeling and staggering about him, and the din of the merciless city hammering in his ears, then came a familiar voice.

"Didn't I tell you to get out o' this?" It was the policeman. "I'd take you down for less'n a cent."

Had Mr. Dawkins been in full possession of his senses he would probably have permitted himself to be taken down. As it was, he arose and wandered aimlessly on up Fifth Avenue.

At Twenty-seventh Street Mr. Dawkins suddenly became aware of the fact that there was something else on earth besides his appetite. A vision—a gray, tailor-made vision—came athwart his path. In the street there was the eternal tangle of cabs and automobiles, and the vision paused daintily on the curb before she ventured across. Suddenly there came an opening, and she darted forward. As she did so her purse fell.

Mr. Dawkins saw it. Within it lay food, sleep, luxury of all sorts—strange luxuries which his dreams permitted him to believe included even a bath. He rushed forward and seized upon the trifle with a little cry of gratification. No one else had seen it fall; he could get away with it—down Twenty-Seventh Street to Madison Square, and then— He straightened up. The gray, tailor-made vision stood facing him with a smile upon her red lips, and one gloved hand extended.

"Thank you so much," she said.

Mr. Dawkins gazed into two wonderful eyes, then mechanically handed her the purse. She fumbled at the catch and it flew open, disclosing several bills. With a hand on these she looked at Mr. Dawkins with mute inquiry in her eyes. Mr. Dawkins understood. Appetite was forgotten now, because he wasn't shaven; hunger was nothing compared to the straggling condition of his hair; success and ambition were trifles, when he remembered his soiled linen.

"It's a pleasure, I assure you," he said.

"Thank you," said the girl. She snapped the purse with a friendly little nod, and crossed the street again.

Mr. Dawkins wandered on up Fifth Avenue. Dimly through the haze which succeeded the vision he was wondering which was nearest, East River or North, East River perhaps. He was turning from Fifth Avenue into Twenty-eighth Street, eastward, when he noticed something yellow—it seemed to be paper—on the sidewalk near the building. He stooped listlessly and picked it up. It was a twenty-dollar bill folded around a ten-dollar gold-piece. Mr. Dawkins drew a deep breath of relief and amazement.

"Now I can get shaved," he said.

Down Fifth Avenue, just below Martin's, the hand of a clock pointed to twenty minutes past one.



ABOVE the entrance of a Broadway theatre a myriad of electric-light blazed the words, "The Comedy of Life." On the sidewalk, beside the entrance, to right and left, two three-sheets informed the public that Mr. Charles Frohsin would that evening present for the first time on any stage a brilliant satirical comedy from the pen of Mr. John Quincy Dawkins. Broadway had never heard of Mr. John Quincy Dawkins, but the fact that Mr. Charles Frohsin presented the play insured a liberal opening patronage, at least. So now at ten minutes of eight o'clock in the evening the lobby was thronged, and the man in the box-office was, as is usually the case, in a towering rage because so many people were buying tickets.

Across the street, in a brilliantly lighted café, with his nose pressed against the window pane, was Mr. John Quincy Dawkins in person, immaculate from patent-leather toes to collapsible hat. He was in a state of blue funk—it's an awful thing to have a play presented!—and the fingers of his right hand tattooed restlessly against the glass. His left hand was thrust into his pocket, wherein jingled some small coins. There was a fat roll of bills, too, and somewhere in his coat was a check-book with some checks in it, which, strangely enough, were good for real money when filled out and

signed by Mr. John Quincy Dawkins. Pressing the check-book for space were a half-dozen letters of acceptance from magazine editors.

But Mr. Dawkins's thoughts were far from these things. He was thinking of that rapidly swelling crowd which continued to pour into the theatre across the way. He loved every one in it, not for any personal reason, but loved them for the mere fact of their existence. He loved this rotund gentleman because his paunch was well-lined, and he loved all his prototypes. These people had homes and rooms, and beds, as he had; they had shoes and clean linen and all the accoutrements of respectability, as he had; they were clean-shaven and well-barbered, as he was.

At a table beside Mr. Dawkins sat Mr. Charles Frohsin, a gentleman of indeterminate age, who occasionally glanced up at him with a smile of amusement. At last Mr. Frohsin drew out a diamond-spangled watch and consulted it.

"We'd better be going over," he suggested as he arose. "To the theatre?" gasped Mr. Dawkins in horror.

"Certainly," and Mr. Frohsin smiled.

"Why, I wouldn't go over there for a million dollars," Mr. Dawkins blurted. "If I had to sit through one act of that play with all those people looking, I'd—faint."

"That's the way Thomas and Pinero always feel," commented the manager, "and Henry Arthur Jones won't go anywhere near the theatre. But in this case you must go. They'll want you after that second or third act."

Mr. Dawkins laughed nervously.

"Well, they'll have to catch me," he declared. "You go on over. I'll stay here."

Mr. Frohsin had to be content with that. But Mr. Dawkins didn't remain in the café at all. Instead, just before the curtain was to rise on the first act, he went out and walked around the block, then was surprised to see that he did it in nine minutes. On the second lap around he was halted by a quavering, aged voice, and turned to glare into the withered, drawn face of an old man.

"Please, sir, I'm starving," said the old man, simply.

Mr. Dawkins stared steadily for an instant into the sunken, feverish eyes; noted the wrinkled, quivering hands and the tottering figure, then, turning impatiently, continued his walk. The old man gazed after him until he disappeared around the corner, then sank down hopelessly on a doorstep with his face in his hands.

When the curtain fell on the first act Mr. Dawkins was again in the café. Half a dozen men, immaculate as himself, wandered out of the theatre, crossed the street, and lined up beside him. Mr. Dawkins looked at them curiously as they entered. He wondered what they thought of that first act; and he was afraid some one would tell him.

"How do you like it?" one of the men inquired of another.

"The first act is a little better than good—it is remarkable," was the reply. "The man who wrote it certainly knows his little book. If the second and third acts are up to the first, it's the biggest thing in years."

Mr. John Quincy Dawkins rushed madly out of the café and around the corner, where he apologized abjectly to an aged, wrinkled old beggar whom he found sitting on a doorstep, weeping. Upon this apology was heaped a couple of bills and a dozen small coins which happened to be loose in his pockets. The old man thought that the end of the world had come.

"Thank you, sir, thank you," he mumbled over and over. "I was starving. I have had nothing to eat for two days, and, of course, you don't know what that means, sir."

"Don't I?" demanded Mr. Dawkins, grimly. "Come along with me for a minute."

He led the wretched, feeble old fellow into a Broadway restaurant and sat him down at a table, then went over and spoke to the cashier.

"How much to fill him?" he asked.

The cashier looked at the old man critically.

"How much can he hold?" he asked in turn.

"Couldn't tell you," said Mr. Dawkins. "I imagine about—about two dollars' worth?"

"I guess that'll fix it," replied the cashier.

Mr. Dawkins passed over the money, then went out and stood on the curb and laughed. Life? Why, it was the most charming, exuberant thing that he had ever come up with; just to stand out here on Broadway and listen to the noises and breathe!

After a while Mr. Dawkins sauntered on down Broadway, and when the curtain fell on the second act he was hovering about the entrance of the theatre like an uneasy bird of prey. Then, from inside, there came such a tumult that Mr. Dawkins was frightened and fled ignominiously. It was not surprising, therefore, that when Mr. Frohsin came out and peered anxiously into the café, and up and down the street, he did not see him.

But after the third act Mr. Frohsin captured him. He swooped down upon him in the café, with distended eyes and every evidence of excitement.

"Come on with me," he commanded.

"What's the matter?" inquired Mr. Dawkins, in an excitement which surpassed even that of the manager. Has the leading woman fallen dead? What's the matter?"

"Come on here!"

Mr. Frohsin yanked him around a corner, down a few doors, inside a house, and along a stuffy, smelly passage. In the distance Mr. Dawkins heard a roar which swelled until it burst in his ears with a crash, then he found himself standing blinking in the glare of footlights with his opera hat perched rakishly over one eye. In the wings behind him stood Mr. Frohsin, blowing hard, but smiling triumphantly.

The agony, the horror, the helplessness of the next few minutes are things beyond the pen of mere man. Mr.

Dawkins was conscious only of a seething sea of humanity, an astonishing amount of noises, and of a few idiotic babblings, which, in the sober light of afterthought, he knew must have convinced every person present of his utter imbecility. Out of the confused mass his vision isolated only one face—that of a girl. She was leaning forward with her elbows on the rail of a box, with a quizzical smile about her red lips, looking at him. He recognized her instantly—the gray, tailor-made girl of that day.

Mr. Dawkins was standing in the lobby with Mr. Frohsin and a few dramatic critics as the crowd surged past him after the last act. With eyes here, there, everywhere save on those persons nearest him, Mr. Dawkins splashed through a conversation of which he was never able to recall a single syllable. And at last he saw—Her! He caught her eye fairly and she smiled reminiscently. A critic tugged at his sleeve.

"Your play is certainly one of the best that Broadway has ever seen," the critic was saying pompously. "I shall take occasion to say so at length to-morrow."

"Did you ever see such eyes?" Mr. Dawkins inquired, irrelevantly.

III

MISS DOLORES FRANCIS wrinkled her white brow charmingly, and looked hard at Mr. John Quincy Dawkins, across the table.

"Sometimes I have the strangest feeling of having seen you before," she said.

"At the theatre that night?" he suggested. "Once on the stage, and once in the lobby?"

"No, before that."

"St. Louis was my home until I went to Yale."

"I've never been there. I wonder if it could have been in London?"

"I've never been there," said Mr. Dawkins. He smiled gravely.

"Perhaps our acquaintance is prehistoric, and goes back to that time 'when you were a tadpole and I was a fish'?" he quoted.

"I was a tadpole! The idea."

"You'll remember some time," said Mr. Dawkins. "Meanwhile the important question before us now is, what will you have for dessert?"

Miss Francis was staring past him, through the window, out upon the ebb and flow of Fifth Avenue at Twenty-sixth Street.

"I can't imagine," she said.

"Can't imagine what you'll have for dessert?"



He closed his eyes and sat waiting

"Where it was I saw you," corrected Miss Francis.

"Maybe your impressions of me are tangled," remarked Mr. Dawkins. "I found out that night at the theatre that you and your mother were living at the St. Regis, and succeeded—I may say without boasting—in making myself fairly conspicuous around there on a still hunt for some acquaintance of mine who knew you." He drew a long, deep breath. "I found him," he said.

"I admire your audacity," said Miss Francis, coldly. "I can't help but admire it sometimes myself," he retorted, "but you didn't know anything about it until I—I confessed."

Miss Francis dimpled suddenly, and smiled.

"Yes, I did," she said. "But it wasn't there, really. It was before that, some other place."

They finished their coffee.

"Let's take a turn around the Square before we go uptown," suggested Mr. Dawkins. "It's one of the most interesting spots in the world. I used to live here."

"Did you really?" and Miss Francis's face lighted with quick animation. "I have some friends in that fourth house there. If you'd only known them then, perhaps—What number did you live?"

Mr. Dawkins smiled.

"I met you soon enough," he said enigmatically.

"That is not very complimentary," said Miss Francis.

"It would be if you understood," declared Mr. Dawkins. "See that policeman over there? He's an old friend of mine. Used to be a sort of bell-boy for me. Every time I went to sleep he'd come and wake me."

"Isn't that strange work for a policeman?"

"No, it's a part of the job."

"To wake people?"

"Some people. I was one of the favored few. I wouldn't hesitate to say that he has awakened me oftener and in more ingenious ways than any other person in the world—most assiduous in his attentions; never in our long acquaintance did he permit me to oversleep myself."

Miss Francis puckered her arched brows, a little bewildered, and Mr. Dawkins led her on down toward the fountain. They paused a moment to watch the rhythmic rise and fall of the gushing waters, then passed on around.

"This bench here used to be my office," Mr. Dawkins informed her. "Let's sit down a moment in the office. Will you have the swinging chair or the straight back?"

Miss Francis laughed delightedly.

"You came here to think?"

"Yes, I have done some tall thinking on this bench. You can't imagine the tremendous perspective you can get on life by sitting here day after day. Isn't it a fine view?"

"I think it's perfectly horrid," declared Miss Francis. She drew her skirts about her and sat down. "Why, I couldn't have one thought in the world if I had to sit here with these noises and see all those motley people."

"They are beacon lights of misery, placed here by an all-wise providence to remind an egotistical city of its own shame," said Mr. Dawkins.

The tone was a strange one. Miss Francis glanced at him quickly. A quizzical expression still played about his mouth; his eyes were inscrutable.

"Oh, look at that man!" she exclaimed suddenly. "He's actually going to sleep!"

"Yes, poor devil."

"And listen. He's snoring!"

The phenomena of a man asleep had never before come under Miss Francis's eyes. She seemed absolutely fascinated by it.

"Here comes the bell-boy," remarked Mr. Dawkins. "Watch him. See how thoroughly he'll do his work."

The policeman sauntered along the walk until he came to the bench where the wretched atom of humanity was stealing a few minutes of unconsciousness from the agony of hunger and lack of rest. He paused beside the sleeping man, and glared down at him in righteous indignation.

"Asleep, are you?" growled the law.

One hand fell heavily on the unconscious man's shoulder, and he was shaken violently. Two feverish, sleep-heavy eyes opened with a start, then the familiar bluecoat brought recognition.

"Get out o' this," ordered the policeman.

"All right," was the reply. "I haven't been to bed for a week."

"Your troubles ain't none o' mine," declared the law mercilessly. "Get out o' this now, before I take you down."

A gleam of resentment flashed into the other's reddened eyes.

"For God's sake, what *can* a man do?" he demanded.

"Go to work," replied the policeman. "Get on out o' here now, before I give you a bat in the block."

"Work!" The man laughed suddenly, and slunk away through the Square. Mr. Dawkins turned and glanced at Miss Francis. There was a mist in her eyes, and pity, astonishment, horror in her pretty face. She laid one hand on his arm in mute appeal.

"That's how the bell-boy works," volunteered Mr. Dawkins, grimly.

"He mustn't go away like that, hungry and exhausted," declared Miss Francis, quickly. Her eyes flashed indignantly. "It was the most heartless, brutal thing I ever saw. That policeman ought to be thrashed soundly."

Mr. Dawkins unfastened the top button of his coat.

"Right now?" he asked.

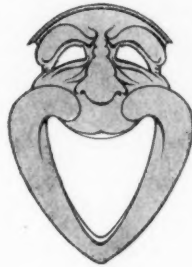
"Oh, no, no!" she exclaimed. "I didn't mean for you to—Come on, please. Let's find that man. You give him something for me—you must. It's perfectly hideous!"

They found him over beyond the fountain. Without a word Mr. Dawkins extended a hand in which lay a bill. The man stared at it incredulously a moment, then without a word took it. Miss Francis and Mr.

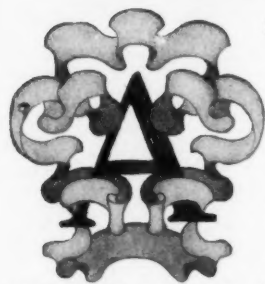
CHORUS GIRL SASSIETY

It was Foxy Belasco Who Told of the Lady-That-Was-a-Dill-Pickle and How Farragut-Lashed-to-the-Mast Didn't Enter, After All—The Clothes that Got Eaten Up

By FRANK WARD O'MALLEY



The Dill Pickle and Farragut-Lashed-to-the-Mast



AS TO the social side of New York life, consider the chorus girls of the weberfields. As a matter of fact, we're going to consider generally the chorus girl and the beautiful dances she gives; but that observation about considering the lilies of the weberfields is inserted here at the top merely because its sprightliness and subtle wit are going to occasion peal after peal of hearty laughter right at the start and so compel you to go on reading to the bitter end.

You may take it on the word of a soldier of the legion (who has attended in a business capacity—a business capacity—every single, solitary Grand Masque and Civic Ball which the Amalgamated Sisterhood of Chorus Girls of Greater New York, assisted by the fraternal organization known as the Wine Agents' Union, Local 1, ever has touched off) that these chorus girl balls are neat and tasty functions. Are they arranged, as has been intimated, by the chorus girls? you may ask. Well, ye-es and n-n-no. Perhaps the chorus girls are not the real promoters, but, to lapse into the French, they are the reason of to be of the dances. When it comes right down to cases, a chorus-girl ball really gets under way two or three months before the ecstatic night and morning of the ball itself, or the instant that the head usher, say, of a Broadway theatre, intimates to the assistant treasurer, perhaps, that one perfectly good method of raking in a group of extra change is to give a Chorus Girls' Grand Masque and Civic Ball. Head ushers and assistant treasurers of theatres need shoes with pearl-buttoned suede uppers and new gray derby hats and things and stuff like that quite as much as Eddie Foy himself needs them; and even a head usher's salary, it may be of interest to know, almost invariably is less than that of a man of the prominence of Mr. Foy, Ed Sothern, Jim Hackett, or, for that matter, Miss Barrymore's favorite uncle John.

Wherefore the head usher and the assistant treasurer pool their assets and hire a hall for a given night and a large part of the next day, and promptly they have window cards printed in three colors and a key plate, and with chunks of attractive lettering arranged prettily around the card as a sort of frame for the union label. Always there's a stock cut of Satan on the upper left-hand corner of the card, partly because red ink has to be used for the lettering anyway and partly to give the whole event a hint of wickedness—and it might be remarked in passing that the stock cut of Satan leering out from an edge of his mask is the wickedest thing about the whole festivity.

The hall usually engaged is one away over in West Forty-fourth Street, near Ninth Avenue, but this merely marks the spot where the function finally reaches its most intense coagulation of homogeneous beauty. The culmination, the perfect completeness of the dazzlingly brilliant social affair is there at the hall—streamers of tinted paper and showers of confetti, colored like the Italian flag, streaming down from the boxes upon the shoulders and Marcel waves of the dancers; orchestra smashing out a two-step from the stage; young Mr. Young Corbett dancing gracefully with Marie Antoinette; shepherdesses and Columbines, Pierrots and snowmen and teddy bears and Welsh rabbits and polar bears and folks in clothes fashioned from strings of red and white popcorn and dashing Captain Kidds and—oh, everything. And among the maze of whirling costumes you may count on the fingers of one complete hand the chorus girls in fancy dress. They're up in the boxes, the chorus and show girls are, graciously looking down and throwing confetti. When they deign to come down to the main-deck to dance (when the proletariat, now flocking to the tables and the bar that open on the dancing floor, has left some room for them) you'll see that practically all of the chorus girls are gownned in evening frocks of a splendor that befits their prominent station in life.

But hours before this perfect culmination the delirium has begun, or when the flower of the younger set of the Twenty-second and Twenty-third Police Precincts of New York begins to exude from stage doors after the quitting whistles of the theatres have stopped blowing for the night. There's the scurrying then for cabs and motor cars to get home to dress! And you dash up to the red and gold and green and tiled and bronzed lobby of one of the many quiet family hotels abounding in the theatre district of New York, knocking over with your swishing skirt or Merry Widow hat the property rubber plant of the hotel, perhaps, in your flight; and you order the elevator boy to throw in the high speed gear and run express to the tenth floor so that feverishly you may harness yourself in your evening gown and family jewels. And in a few moments you are out again in the tenth floor corridor, bedecked now like lilies that thoughtlessly have forgotten to wipe suspicious patches of pollen off the tips of their noses (supposing, merely for illustration, that a calla lily, for instance, would go to a ball with a nose); and your finger is clamped to the button of the elevator bell while the elevator shoots up to you, buzzing steadily, like a plague of locusts swarming across an alarm clock factory.

The Songs of Us Girls

ALREADY the particular assistant treasurer, or your Gentleman Friend That's In Wall Street, or perhaps even a theatre treasurer himself—well, whoever that certain party that invited you to the ball may be, already is waiting for you in the little parlor, trimmed like a Pullman stateroom, just to the left of the revolving street door of the hotel; and it's like him, too, to have a cab waiting outside, all right, all right. He has got there early because box-office officials and head ushers wear evening clothes to work anyway and don't have to go home to shift to the other suit. As for the Wall Street Broker—supposing this certain party is not in the profession—he wouldn't think of wearing anything but his regular suit of evening clothes every night from the moment that the soldiers hit the pike to fire the sunset gun.

But a young girl that has to work until almost midnight, so that she may support herself and send money orders besides to help the folks still living back in the old home at Mortgage Valley, hasn't all evening to dress for social functions. So she bounces into the state-room-sized parlor breathlessly to join a certain party for an evening of girlish gaiety. Then, after Max, the hotel waiter, has run after her anxiously, to tell her that if she'll put her left foot out he'll button that shoe which has been overlooked in the excitement; and when she has left word with Elmer, the night clerk, that if any chambermaid is dippy enough to rattle her door before two o'clock, P. M., the next day, somebody will be slipped a chunk of elemental remarks that will make

a lasting impression—then everybody bustles out to Long Acre Square, which is misty with gasoline and patchouli, and is coughing violently. You first must get into Long Acre Square to jockey for a fair start for the ball, and so you jockey to the Indian Room of the Hotel Astor, and then across the square to Rector's and Shanley's, and back to some other place, and up and down the traffic squad ropes, and in, and out, and around. Then, when you've collected all us girls, away honks everybody westward through Forty-fourth Street, caroling the militant song that their simple living Dutch ancestors chanted in the old New Amsterdam days, and which has come down to us girls through generation after generation:

*"To fight against the Iroquois
And hold the dogs at bay—
To wear and tear the Delaware
For us is merely play.
But anybody's apt to lose
Who doesn't mind his P's and Q's
When up against the Indians
Of—old—Broadway—a-y!"*

And, again, that old ballad of earlier days, with its simple beauty that makes it ever new:

*"Oh, we won't go home till morning,
'Cause we need that morning air."*

The Grand March Through Confetti

HENCEFORTH the evening and the morning are one day. You enter the hall and climb stairways jammed with spangled signoritas and Martha Washingtons and Columbines from the East and West Sides of the city, who, alas! have not the wide acquaintance among the splendid wine agents and the Gentlemen Friends In Wall Street that the chorus and show girls, wearing simple diamond ornaments and evening clothes in the boxes upstairs, enjoy. Eight deep stand a solid mass of sack-coated or evening-clothed young men, rimming the hall under the balcony boxes and watching the kaleidoscopic grand march slowly filing through the flurries of confetti from the boxes. Anxious hearts are in that grand march, and appealing eyes are leveled upon the judges of fancy costumes who are reviewing the march from the stage. For the first prize always is a gold watch that may not take much interest in its supposed mission in life, but which sure does look dead swell when suspended from a fob upon a piqué shirt-waist. Besides, when winter comes and the beautiful snow is clustering in Sixth Avenue on top of the three gilt balls—

Very beautiful musical comedy songstress stars are aloft in the horseshoe boxes as well as all the chorus and show girls that have arrived. Heaps of folks are opening wine. There are press agents and famous actors, playwrights and prize-fighters (just "fighters," the girls call them); young men of much wealth, who resemble the fighters to a degree, in that they are, to quote Big Chief Devery, "like a bottle: well-developed from the neck down"; flocks of newspaper men, youthful police magistrates, who, especially on occasions, are good to know; young politicians and assistant district attorneys; and they all buzz from box to box, attentively, to pay homage to the gorgeous girls of the Broadway stage.

Always there's practically the same crowd, and always the balls are quite as much alike as the stripes on a zebra. Wherefore let's quit generalizing and tell, instead, of one ball that happened at the height of the past season.

This particular ball we're getting at now just teemed with the perfect unity of a boiler explosion. Not a thing happened to put a crimp in the evening and morning of tense merriment except once when a chorus girl, whom we shall call Foxy Belasco, because that isn't even her stage name, hurried up to the floor manager, a German-American youth whom we shall call Claude O'Rourke, and called him aside to tell him breathlessly: "Oh, pardon me, Claude, but a female just had a fit down the front terrace, and yudda died if yud

saw her ricochet across the paving blocks and slam into the backdrop across the street. Believe it or not, but the dame ain't stopped bouncing to and fro up to yet."

"Holy cat!" cried Maida Athens, sympathetically. Miss Maida was Claude's dancing partner, and she is a sister to Foxy Belasco. We're just making up that name of Maida Athens for her, understand, because if these lines ever are seen by Maida's folks at home, and they should read her right name, and so learn that she, alas! disobeyed their strict orders to go straight home every night from work or give up her stage career forever—!

Sympathetic Maida almost wept as Foxy related then to Mr. O'Rourke the mishap that had come to the suffering sister that had chucked the fit down the front stone terraces of the pazzaza. Unfortunately, Miss Foxy's exact words while telling of the incident now are forgotten, and consequently quotation marks must be omitted.

But anyway, Foxy said that this party she's speaking about had just drove up to the hall in a great big green Irish touring car, and she was dressed in a sort of a kind of a stuffed bag of green linoleum that covered her all over except for an opening over her map so she could see where she was tacking, and she had a couple openings for her feet so she could take steps. Well, yudda died! The dame is dressed, she allows, to represent a dill pickle, and there's a party with her wearing a admiral's uniform and with a big barber pole strapped upright to his back, and he is saying that he represents Farragut Lashed To The Mast.

The Fall of the Dill Pickle

NOW listen. This Farragut party is leading the way up the front stoop steps of the pazzaza, and he is trying to come into the hall when his lady friend, the one dressed like she's a dill pickle, has to throw on the clutch sudden and come to a period because her gentleman friend, the party dressed like he's Farragut Lashed To The Mast, can't get through the door of the grand entry with his skyscraping mast. Do you get it? And him being old, with a severe temper, he just makes up his mind then and there that he's going through that door standing upright like a Amurican naval admiral should, or not at all. Say, yudda died!

Admiral Farragut allows all over the assembled works that he's going to batter his way in by bowing and bowing forward quick, so that the top of the mast will smash in the cross-piece of wood that forms the bottom of the transom. And so he done like he said. He's standing just outside the door sill and is bowing quick toward the door savage, and he just batters and batters and batters like he's a woodpecker tackling a piano leg. Once or twice this old admiral pup backs away from the door quite some father than per usual, and so when he bows quick at the wooden cross-piece from that position the top of the barber-pole mast just naturally goes under the cross-piece, instead of slamming it, and sends the admiral forward on his foolish face and he slides into the lobby like he's Mike Donlin beating it for the home plate in the ninth with two dead and a run quite desirable. But the old party, being of a ornery nature, allows from the floor that he's going to enter that door upright like a great figure in Amurican history had oughta enter, and he up and backs out of the doorway on his hands and knees each time he falls and retries to get into the hall by rebattering the transom sill frequent.

Yudda died to see it; particular when the female done up like she's a dill pickle says to none other than one of Charley Frohman's house managers who is crying his fool head off with joy at the foot of the steps. "Sir," she says to him, to this house manager party, haughty—"sir, if ever yuh is introduced formal to my gentleman friend or I after this deplorable affair is over, you can take it on the word of a volunteer fireman that I'll be one of two to inform yuh that your head contains just one dessert-spoonful of mayonnaise dressing, and if the spoon was heaping like the cook-book calls for yuh'd have a internal compound fracture of the skull—and that there ain't no Thatcher-Primrose-and-West jest. Ain't you nor no other gentleman here got brains enough to see that a carpenter must be got

to take down that piece of wood so's a lady and her gentleman friend who is a guest at this here function can enter like they—"

That was about all from this dill pickle party. For, yuh see, she is standing near the top of the stone terraces while she is making these few well-chosen remarks, and she is just about a foot or two back of where the human battering ram is absorbed in his art. About this time Admiral Farragut is beginning to lose his good spirits and temper, and so he leans away, 'way back as far as he can and get away with it so's to frame up one last darnawful smash that's going to bust things; and just when the lady dill pickle is in that part of her address dealing with the general subject of hiring a carpenter her gentleman friend turns on the power. The rebound is so notable that hardly is he starting forward when he is colliding with himself backing out. And, ladies and gentlemen, you want to grasp at this here point, that from the spot where he starts to rebound out of the doorway they ain't a thing to impede his flight till the back-drop across the street is reached, except this lady made up like she's the fifty-seven varieties.

Well, you take it from Foxy Belasco, if this dill-pickle dame didn't miss even all the high spots when she began to hit the toboggan, then Christopher Columbus never bought Castle Garden from the Indians for a plugged iron dollar! Then when she dented the back-drop across the street she carromed in the general direction of the coming dawn and ricocheted out toward Broadway. And good riddance to bad rubbish, because she didn't belong anyway, her not being a chorus girl. And thanking yuh, Maida and Claude, for your kind attention, this concludes my part of the entertainment. But yudda died if yud saw it.

"Oh, then this pickle person isn't in the profession?" inquired Maida with evident relief when Foxy had finished her recital.

"Dear sister, my lips are chapped. Don't make me laugh," snapped Miss Foxy in tones which unmistakably showed that even to insinuate such a thing hurt very much indeed.

A Flounce of Blown Eggs

THERE wasn't any other mishap, for you must remember that when chorus girls are out in society they never forget that they are perfect ladies. Even the little trouble that happened along when the prizes were awarded for the "fanciest dressed" couple in the grand march that night was merely a matter of mental and oral distress. Furthermore, the young lady that showed her displeasure over the findings of the jury of awards wasn't a chorus girl at all; and when you learned from her all the things that happened to upset her you couldn't blame the young lady for taking a fall out of things as they are in general. For weeks and weeks she had labored at night stringing red and white popcorn—she was the Popcorn Girl—on threads and then fashioning the strings into a wide gown, and she was nervous and *distract* because of all this extra night labor; and she confessed that she had had a run-in with a perfectly overhearing floor-walker of the department store where she worked that very day; and as soon as she reached the ball the first thing she saw was some Harlem floss wearing a costume made of blown eggs strung in flounces, which was a flagrant theft of idea on the face of it; and then a lot of fresh dubs were picking off bits of popcorn from her own costume all the time she was filing past the judges in the grand march and eating her clothes; and finally the gold watch was awarded to a fluff in a pink cheesecloth dress and baby cap who ought to be home in bed—and all because a lot of swell gents in store clothes and hard-

boiled shirts had got on the jury and had fallen for the little fluff.

It was disheartening. And the only consolation anywhere in sight was that the Harlem floss wrapped in eggs like a hennerly didn't dast set down nor lean against nothing, tired as she was.

There was truth in the Popcorn Girl's complaint that sentiment had entered into the award of the first prize. Three sharp-eyed young gentlemen had been picked by the management that night to act as judges of costumes, but just to show that all was aboveboard the floor-manager asked a newspaper man and a Broadway actor, who had wandered to the ball comparatively together early, also to be a part of the jury. The three of the sharp eyes promptly informed the two new and disinterested recruits that they unanimously were of the opinion that the first prize should go to a girl parading around covered with yellow spangles till she looked like a brass bedstead. The other prizes could go to any of the marchers that the two disinterested judges might suggest. The brass-spangled girl, by the way, was a sister of the young gentleman holding the watch.

The Fluffy Pink Shepherdess

WHILE the reporter and actor were having it impressed upon them that they were hopelessly in the minority, along came a well-known playwright-novelist, accompanied by a Broadway celebrity who merely is a playwright. Promptly the reporter and actor invited these two newcomers to climb right up among the prominent folks on the stage and be something besides mere spectators. Which was done; and the three sharp-eyed young gentlemen began to grasp that a great change had happened.

"And we'll pick out some poor little kiddie of a girl," began the playwright (who has a beautiful disposition) when the situation was whispered to him, "who has as much chance for first prize, or any prize, as a lace curtain has in a blast furnace. Follow me? What? And we'll call her up here and give her—"

She was on the stage as the playwright spoke, for, while he had been talking, his friend, the playwright-novelist, had put into play some of the muscular strength that he developed in Alaska, and had reached down over the footlights toward the "fluff in pink cheesecloth and baby cap who ought to be home in bed," and who must have been all of fifteen years old, and planted her on the stage in front of the young gentleman holding the watch. The Popcorn Girl cried then and so did the Egg Girl, but most of all the little fluffy pink shepherdess cried, but quite in another way. Instinctively she knew the four to thank, and she did so prettily and hurried across the floor with her watch to show it to her mother, a wardrobe mistress. Doubtless she has been going to Tenderloin balls ever since in a vain attempt to repeat her victory of that glorious night. All of which points a moral that much good may result from kindness.

If ever there is a real disturbance at the hall at a chorus-girl ball it happens along in the shank of the morning, or long after the real chorus and show girls have flitted away. When one dances for a living every night one does weary of dancing very long over time for mere pleasure. That's one reason that all us girls, just about that time that the cock has it all framed up to crow thrice, gather up wraps and things and buzz over toward Broadway to cluster in cozy little parties around the tables in the kind of restaurant where there's no danger of chairs being piled around you as a hint until, at least, day comes gray and garish through the windows.

Sometimes later arrivals in top hats bring word to these restaurant parties that the function wound up with a fight or two that was beautiful to see. Nobody takes much interest in the news because nobody that anybody knows hits any one that anybody who considers herself any one knows. Even the deplorable news, brought to the restaurants after the last chorus-girl ball of the past season, that some one had stolen all the box-office receipts when the dance was at its prettiest failed to arouse much interest because—be-e-e—gaaah-gah-gah! Pray pardon the yawn, fellahs and girls, but I never was up so late before in all my young life, and I sure am all in.



The Popcorn Girl cried then and so did the Egg Girl, but most of all the little fluffy pink shepherdess cried, but quite in another way

FREEDOM

By CECILIA LOFTUS

I CAN go on my way without your aid,
And lift a fearless face up to the sky,
Singing a song of thanks that I am I—
To the kind gods who made me unafraid.

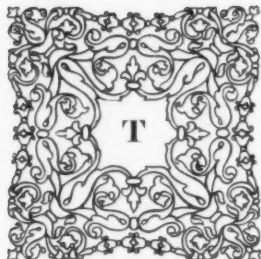
SOMETIMES the lonely journey has seemed long,
And I have thought and feared I needed you,
But you have taught me what I knew was true,
That only Solitude could make me strong.



THE PASSING OF THE OLD FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE

*The House That Knew Many Triumphs of Beauty and Clever Acting—
Fire and Trade as Hoodoos*

By CLARA MORRIS



THE razing of a theatre has ever been a sad sight to me. How quickly then must sadness turn to sharp pain when I see the demolition of a theatre that was long my own dramatic home; where I left a part of my youth; whose walls are enriched for me by the memories of bright faces, gay laughter, foolish cabals, April tears, and a public favor that

never failed up to that New Year day when between packed matinee and outsold night the little band-box theatre went up in towering flames, while, drawn together by chance, Mr. Daly and I, like two orphans, stood hand in hand on a high stoop opposite and watched, heavy-hearted, the cruel destruction going on.

Mine had been the latest personal success on that stage, and as a magnificent great rush of flame burst, crown-like, above the roof, he said, without moving: "There's your triumph, Western girl."

"Gone up in smoke," I suggested grimly.

"No!" he answered sharply. "No! blossoming in flowers of flame!"—and spoke no further word, till the end.

That little theatre was a veritable dramatic incubator that almost unfailingly hatched out a living success from every ambition confided to it. Authors, managers, actors, beauties, all received from that Fifth Avenue incubator the strong young reputations it had hatched for them.

Nor can one, knowing its story thoroughly, wonder much at the strong superstitions held by many people connected with theatrical management. Away back at the beginning, when Christy's Minstrels had withdrawn from the little new theatre, and dear old John Brougham was announced as its next manager, heads were rubbed, shoulders shrugged, and hands cast up to fall helplessly: "That settles it!" cried the Rialto. "He will turn the shop into a Jonah for good and all!"

For John Brougham, best loved man of his profession, was famed for his hard luck. I recall that the first time I ever saw that lovable man and polished gentleman, he appeared as a star in the second largest theatre in these United States before two hundred and twenty-one people all told, the great cavernous parquet containing just about thirty lonely wanderers from home—while next day, when he attempted to tell a story to a friend out in front of his hotel, a traffic-halting crowd of smiling, admiring, pushing people packed about him. There it was—the actor did not draw, but the man did.

Well, sure enough, superstition came out on top. Mr. Brougham struggled along through ten grueling weeks of management, ran down—and stopped. The little theatre was double-crossed with failures; one more and it would be that thing of horror—a Jonah.

Then it was made known that the building was in the hands of Jimmy Fisk—he was Jim Fisk to his enemies, Jimmy Fisk to his friends, only becoming James Fisk after his death—and lo, one great smile rippled along the Rialto, for Fisk was held to be the superlatively "lucky man" of his day. He knew it and tried to laugh the superstition down. He often told of his losses, of his many lawsuits, of railroad accidents, etc.—all in vain. The listeners saw the extravagance of his dress, his dancing blue eyes, his irrepressible smile, and that peculiarly quick, snappy, well-satisfied manner that he himself called "chipper," and laughed at his denials of good fortune, and felt themselves lucky for the day when he crossed their path of a morning. And then it was that Mr. Augustin Daly became the

inexperienced but self-confident manager of the house, and called it "The Fifth Avenue," though it was well off on Twenty-fourth Street, because, he explained, he meant the theatre to appeal strongly to Fifth Avenue people.



The Costumes that Amazed the World

The Directoire dresses, which made a recent international sensation at the Longchamps track. They were modeled by a well-known Parisian costumer, whose employees wore them at the Sunday afternoon races

For a time it seemed to those who watched it a case of "pull-devil, pull-baker" between the ill luck of Brougham and the good luck of Fisk. Things were going badly when, with enormous nerve, Mr. Daly bluffed his way to a great success with "Frou-Frou."

His company, afterward so noted for the beauty and numbers of its women, was that first season very weak in actresses, and "Frou-Frou," he found, required all the skill of the many-sided Déesclée—a creature high-bred, chic, girlish to childishness, rushing into womanly passion, inconsistent, hysterical, pathetically dying.

Wanted: A Coquette

HERE in the length and breadth of the country was there such an actress? Certainly not in his company. And then, obstacle number two, that beautiful, audacious, incurable coquette, who danced cancan steps while humming the music; who even flirted with her own husband, when no other man was by! Creator of fashions, petted leader of society—light, lovely, airy—where was she? The men were all right—Clarke, Lewis, Davidge, Parks, Bascomb, Beekman, Harkins, and others. Handsome Kate Newton could play the good sister, and piquant Amy Ames the saucily important maid.

But for the two all-important female parts, for want of them was he to see his season close in ignominious failure, when he was convinced the play was pregnant with success? Then with cold nerve and incredible audacity he acted, and cast the great emotional part to an amateur, and the dashing young beauty and incorrigible coquette to Mrs. Gilbert, his first old woman.

Two years later he wiped his brow nervously when telling me this experience. "Oh," I cried, "what a taker of chances! In you the stage's gain was the green-cloth's loss! Your colossal nerve would have made you the king and idol of gamblers!"

As usual, my brand of humor failed to please him. "I just took a chance on the public's ignorance of the play's needs, and trusted to the strength of its story to keep it going. I don't see anything like gambling in that!" he said crossly, then added: "I don't play cards, Miss Morris."

"Neither do I, sir, but I recognize a bluff instinct."



Military Mass in the Open Air

Twenty-five thousand persons were grouped, on Sunday, May 24, in the Brooklyn Navy Yard to pay tribute to the dead of the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps of the United States. Gloucester Naval Camp of Spanish War Veterans was in charge of this mass, which is held annually in any weather.

U. S. S. "Florida"

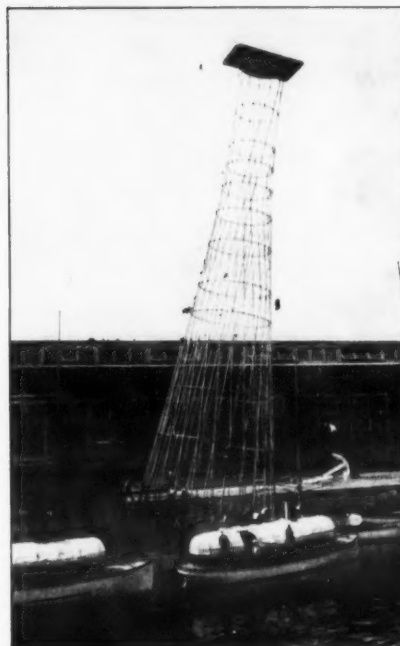
The vessel fitted as a target for gun and torpedo fire. The damaged gun to be fired at is in plain sight in the 12-inch turret. An armored screen has been built upon the face-plate of the turret in order to give protection to the other gun.

The Observation Tower

This is the tower built on the quarter-deck of the "Florida." It is inclined at such a pitch as to fall clear of the ship when it has been damaged or cut in two by gun fire.

Greatest of Naval Colliers Launched

The "Vestal" slipping down the greased ways to the water. The Brooklyn Navy Yard was thronged with 30,000 persons for the May 19 ceremony. The vessel is 365 feet long, and displaces 12,585 tons. She will be manned by naval officers and sailors.





No Matter How You Shave

Safety razor or regular razor—shaving stick or shaving mug—the old saying still remains true, "Well lathered, half-shaved." To be well-lathered requires a good brush—bristle-tight and bristle-right.

Shave every day or once a week—rub in the lather as hard as you like, you can't change the shape or loosen a bristle in

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The "why" of this is found in the base of the brush. The bristles are held together by vulcanized rubber as hard as iron—proof against water and wear.

The name on each brush guarantees it.

At all dealers' and barbers', in all styles and sizes, 25, 50, 75 cents to \$6.00. If not at your dealer's, send for booklet, from which to order by mail.



To the average man we commend the \$1.00 brush

Berset Shaving Cream Soap softens the beard without rubbing with the hand. Doesn't dry, doesn't smart. 25 cents a tube at all dealers.

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tively, and that one of yours was bold enough to deserve success."

Somewhat mollified, he enlightened me further as to his personal troubles over the big run of the play. "You see," he said, "in a part like 'Frou-Frou' a woman must do exquisite acting or not act at all—no middle course is possible, anything between these extremes must spell ruin. Miss Agnes Ethel had quite a large social following, and I wished to flatter society and gain its support by trusting so important a character to a society amateur. The success of Miss Ethel was immense, as charmingly gowned, picturesque, graceful, she drifted through the play; not acting one bit. The great quarrel scene amounting to the *boutades* of a naughty child, nothing more. And that was as it should be. But as the play ran on I had to stand guard nightly to keep her from trying to act, and so spoiling her success. If I turned my back a minute I heard an unusual laugh, and rushed back to find Miss Ethel playing like a tragedy queen in some scene light as eiderdown, while she began to put more physical strength in the touchingly simple death scene than would be required for a family wash."

Well, "Frou-Frou" and Miss Ethel succeeded mightily, the luck of the theatre changed; it became not so much the "Parlor Home of Comedy" as the home of dramatic successes. There Mr. Daly became famous; there Mr. Bronson Howard found a bright, brand-new reputation; there many stage beauties were launched, new leading men, new actresses, who had hitherto been unknown, here made a success and received the New York cachet that made them known the land over.

After the fire had destroyed the theatre's interior and there was talk of rebuilding, many shook their heads, saying: "No, the charm is broken; the theatre's luck is gone." But precisely like the Phoenix, having burned itself to ashes, it came forth with new life to repeat its former one. Here the brilliant Steele Mackaye, who was well acquainted with disappointment, met with success in his double stage device and many other inventions. Here the wonderful Frohman Brothers developed into famous managers. Here "Hazel Kirke" had its phenomenal run. Here young Belasco soared into success with his play, "May Blossom." Here Mr. Palmer, librarian, became Mr. Palmer, manager. Here New York first saw the dark, mutinous beauty of Julia Arthur, a young actress of astonishing gifts and absolute sincerity of purpose. But one may not touch on all the long list of triumphs made in this theatre, renamed "The Madison Square," nor name the cloud of new favorites sent forth, headed by such successes as Robson, Cayvan, Russell, Fernandez, etc.

When in the course of time Mr. Charles Hoyt took charge the Rialto once more groaned: "Good heaven! the 'Texas Steer' and its like at the right-little, tight-little, swell and fashionable Madison Square?" However, the luck stood firm, and once more a great beauty was launched from this stage.

What the World is Doing

A Record of Current Events

Edited by SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

After the New Haven

Monopoly in New England carried a little too far

NOTWITHSTANDING the docility of President Mellen of the New Haven Railroad, the Administration has found it impossible to overlook the proceedings by which that company has gained a monopoly of the transportation business of New England, and, on May 22, the Department of Justice filed a bill in equity against the New Haven under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. The purpose of the suit was to prevent the New Haven Railroad from exercising any control over the Boston and Maine, and to compel it to give up its system of trolley lines.

It is hard to imagine a more perfect monopoly than the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad possesses throughout the greater part of New England. Its own system dominates Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. By its ownership of thirty-five per cent of the stock of the Boston and Maine it rules Maine, New Hampshire, and part of Vermont. It has secured five-sixths of the

She drifted into the vestibule one day and asked for Mr. Hoyt. The people in the office, having figuratively prostrated themselves before the charming vision, begged her to return next day, and when Mr. Hoyt came in, wild-eyed and short of breath, they excitedly tried to describe the raging beauty he had missed. He smiled at what he called their exaggeration, but promised to be on hand next day.

Mr. Hoyt was by way of being a widower, having recently lost his girlish young wife, Flora Walsh, a charming actress and a most lovable character, whose kindness of heart seemed boundless—hence his indifference toward the beautiful stranger. But next day he saw her, and her dominant, triumphant beauty amazed and captivated him. She caught his heart on the rebound; gladly he held out his wrists for the fetters; he was her slave. He announced his discovery of a new beauty, sent writers to interview her, and all the little story of Caroline Miskell's life was made known before the public had seen her.

Then she appeared, and all claims were justified. She was radiantly blond, beautiful of form, and knew how to dress. She was ambitious to act—to star. Miss Miskell was soon Mrs. Charles Hoyt. Her idolatrous husband wrote plays for her—"A Contented Woman" was, I think, the last she starred in. And then the beautiful Caroline Miskell Hoyt retired for a little, and then—and then, a dead young mother, with a tiny, waxen-faced babe on her breast, like a broken lily and its bud, was all that was left of Charley Hoyt's happiness. And when that was hidden from his longing gaze, broken in spirit, heart, and health, he was not very long in following his beloved dead. And so it was that hail fellow well met, Charley Hoyt, merry writer of screaming farce, left to the theatre a legacy of sorrow in the memory of his domestic tragedy.

Then even before Mr. McKee or Mr. Walter Lawrence had taken the helm a powerful foe of the by that time little old theatre was steadily, unweariedly stalking it to its doom. All theatres have two hereditary enemies. One is fire, treacherous, swift, furious, but it may at least be fought and occasionally conquered. The second foe is the stealthily slow but immutable extension and expansion of trade—that may not be restrained, obstructed, nor barred.

Tried once by fire, this little theatre rose again, but trade has finally won, and the little playhouse is being demolished. And when the other day that vestibule, long the gathering place of pretty women, young and hopeful men, and genial bald heads felt the heavy, trampling feet of the wreckers, there was something uncannily suggestive of revenge in the crushing fall of the handsome ceiling upon the destroyers, to the number of fifteen, all more or less injured. One may not smile as one is inclined to do, seeing this theatre, so long devoted to comedy and farce, suddenly at its last moment become melodramatic, like a dramatic Samson, dragging down the pillars of the temple in one great and self-inclusive destruction.

trolley mileage of Connecticut, four-fifths of that of Rhode Island, and six hundred miles of electric roads in Massachusetts. It has made Long Island Sound a closed preserve for its steamboats. Finally, it owns the Legislatures and most of the politicians of half the New England States.

Campaign Secrets Safe

House Republicans assure another year of fat-frying

THE Republican leaders in the House distinguished themselves in the closing days of Congress by a performance which disclosed a touching confidence in the innocence of the public. The President, backed by the Democrats, had urged the passage of a law requiring publicity for campaign contributions. In this emergency somebody conceived the sparkling idea of "putting the Democrats in a hole" by attaching the Publicity bill to one designed to pave the way for a reduction of Southern representation in Congress. The Republican managers capped the climax of intelligence by selecting that eminent patriot, Mr. Crumpacker, to spring their mine. Following his lead, they enthusiastically passed their bill with its destructive amendment, knowing that it had not a

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TO KEEP COOL!

TO FEEL PERFECTLY AT EASE!

TO FIND RELIEF FROM SUMMER HEAT, WEAR

LOOSE FITTING B.V.D. GARMENTS.

They allow perfect freedom of motion, and permit fresh cooling air to reach the pores.

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Coat Cut
Undershirts
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chance of getting through the Senate and that their collectors could enjoy another Presidential season's hunting in Wall Street by dark-lantern light. They expected the public to look at the roll-call, which showed the Republicans voting for publicity and the Democrats against it, and take no heed of the facts behind the votes. To such a depth of fatuity has a party not without intellectual qualities been reduced by the rule of Cannons, Paynes, and Dalzell.

Our First "Dreadnought"

The "Michigan" takes to the water on the Delaware

THE launching of the battleship *Michigan* at the yard of the New York Shipbuilding Company at Camden, New Jersey, gives the United States navy its first ship of the *Dreadnought* class actually afloat. The *South Carolina* will soon add another. These two vessels represent a *tour de force* for which our naval constructors fairly deserve credit. While it is true that we might have been years ahead of all the navies of the world in the construction of *Dreadnoughts*, since the plans for an all-big-gun ship were in the pigeonholes of the Navy Department long before England and Japan began to work on that line, yet when the *South Carolina* and *Michigan* were authorized by Congress it was the expectation that they would simply be additional *Connecticuts*. Congress accordingly fixed their size at sixteen thousand tons each. But before their plans were finished it became clear that the all-big-gun ship was the ship of the immediate future, and the folly of launching new *Connecticuts* on an ocean sprinkled with *Dreadnoughts* penetrated even the shells of the Navy Department bureaus. Thereupon they bestirred themselves and succeeded in crowding into a sixteen-thousand-ton hull an armament that would have a fair chance of success in a contest with the eighteen-thousand-ton *Dreadnought*. There were to be only eight twelve-inch guns instead of ten, but they could all fire on one broadside, while the *Dreadnought* could concentrate no more than eight against them. The *South Carolina* and *Michigan* have served to tide us over a tight place in our naval progress. The ships to be built hereafter will be planned with a full acceptance of modern conditions.

A Freak Disaster

A monster airship falls with sixteen passengers

WHILE scientific inventors were cautiously perfecting flying machines that could carry a man or two with reasonable safety, a blended inventor and promoter in California was building a monster airship that was to carry a whole carload of passengers on a commercial schedule. By one of the familiar perversities of human nature he was able to get financial backing from capitalists who would not have looked at a practical machine. The Morrell airship, the "Ariel," was built on a gigantic scale, as if it had been part of an established aerial fleet. It was supported by a gas bag 450 feet long—the largest in the world, with the possible exception of Count Zeppelin's latest model—containing half a million cubic feet of gas. Six gasoline engines of two hundred horse-power in all were to drive ten propellers. The ship was to be the pioneer of a line that was to make daily trips from San Francisco to New York, carrying five hundred passengers and forty tons of mail at the rate of 150 miles an hour, and covering the distance across the continent in a day. The "Ariel" was only a model; the regular ships of the line were to be 1,200 feet long—nearly a quarter of a mile—and were to be equipped with parlors, sitting-rooms, bedrooms, and special airship furniture, including seventeen-ounce upholstered chairs, air-mattresses, and silk bed-covers.

Sixteen persons, including the inventor himself, trusted their lives to Mr. Morrell's weird device on its first trip, and this after repeated warnings from expert aeronauts that the craft would come to grief. In the presence of a crowd of ten thousand persons, at Berkeley, the "Ariel" rose majestically to a height of three hundred feet. Then the bow tilted downward. The crew could not restore the balance and clung helplessly to the car. The gas surged up to the rear of the bag and burst through. The machine began to fall, slowly at first, and then with headlong speed. All the sixteen passengers, buried in the wreck, were seriously injured. The gas bag, which had been advertised as of silk, so blocked out that no hole of more than a few inches could pos-



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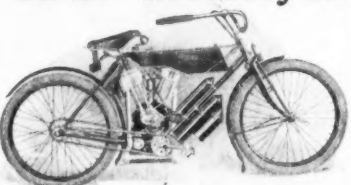
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sibly be torn, was examined afterward and said to be of flimsy oiled cotton. The alleged fifteen compartments, which were to insure absolute safety, had not prevented the collapse of the bag and the immediate loss of all its gas.

Coolie versus Locomotive

Low wages and high freight rates in China

SOME figures furnished by Consul Gracey of Tsingtau make it seem likely that it will be some time before Chinese cheap labor drives the rest of the world out of business. Transportation in the interior of China is carried on almost entirely by men and animals. Wages are very low, but this is the way freight charges work out:

A coolie will carry a load of 106 pounds slung from a pole twenty-seven miles in a day for twenty-two cents. That seems reasonable enough, but it amounts to over fifteen and a third cents per ton-mile. The average freight rate on American railroads, with wages at over ten times the Chinese figure, is three-quarters of a cent per ton-mile.

A mode of Chinese transportation cheaper than having goods slung from a pole is sending them by wheelbarrow. A Chinese wheelbarrow, with the load balanced over a wheel in the middle, will carry from 266 to 333 pounds—say three hundred on an average. In good weather a man can propel that load twenty-seven miles in a day, at a cost of from thirty-one to thirty-seven cents. That represents an average rate of eight and a third cents per ton-mile. A large Peking cart with one mule will carry a load averaging six hundred pounds thirty-three miles in a day for seventy-five cents, equivalent to 7.56 cents per ton-mile. Two large mules will raise the cart's carrying capacity to from 1,200 to 1,333 pounds, the distance traveled to forty miles, and the cost to from \$1.40 to \$1.86 per day, corresponding to an average ton-mile rate of 4.58 cents. Finally, the acme of progress and economy in Chinese land transportation in the interior of the empire is represented by the four-mule cart, which carries a load of from 2,000 to 2,666 pounds forty miles in a day for from \$1.86 to \$2.33. The freight so carried is taxed at an average rate of 4.46 cents per ton-mile, or about seven times the mean rate on American railroads.

The Relation of the Drama to Real Life

(Continued from page 11)

characters together on a plank some twenty-five feet square and make them do all their deeds and show all their characters on that identical spot. I hope you will see how much this adds to the dramatist's difficulties. It multiplies them in cubic proportion. Every character has to be there on the spot, has to be supplied with some reasonable excuse for being there exactly at that moment, when the exigencies of the story require him, and has to be supplied with an equally reasonable excuse for taking himself off at the precise moment when the exigencies of the story require him to "get out."

I remember one popular play where all the characters turn up in a remote corner of Australia in the last act. It was a very remarkable coincidence, was it not, that some twelve or fourteen people who had been comfortably established in England in the earlier acts should all of them happen to drop in at a hut in Western Australia exactly in the same half-hour? If you are seasoned playgoers, I am sure you will have met with equally remarkable coincidences; you will remember where by some irresistible magnetism all the characters are driven to some one spot exactly at the right moment. The drama is full of such coincidences. I have been watching real life for more than thirty years, and it has never offered me any one single scene that could be put on the stage. You will never find all the characters of any story gathered on one spot, and there performing actions and discoursing in language that would explain to an intelligent spectator the history of their lives, or the history of any one of their lives. If you carefully compare any drama that was ever written with real life, you will find the likeness breaking down at every moment. It can not be sustained for the shortest scene. Almost at every moment life is fragmentary, inconsequent, disjointed; it never tells a story by implication, as a dramatist always does.

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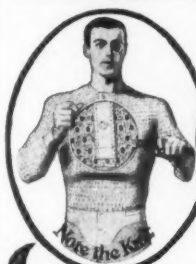
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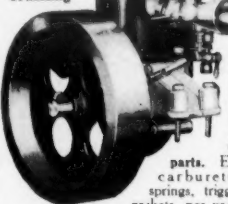
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methods or copies the aims of the dramatist. The necessity of concentrating his action brings the dramatist every moment into conflict with the thousand inessential facts and worthless trivialities. There is no way of representing these trivialities on the stage; they have no place there; they merely bore the spectator and take away the time and patience which he is ready to give to weightier matters. So little is it the business of the drama to copy life that the playwright who tries to do so only finds at the end of his task that he has amassed a heap of worthless facts which, after all, are only a small proportion of the whole; he may have seized a few outward resemblances, but he has probably missed all the great verities and enduring realities of life and character. And the more of the great things he has seized and packed into his two hours' traffic of the stage, the less his play will be like reality, the more it will be apt to strike the ordinary unthinking spectator as forced, unnatural, and melodramatic. My country friend is a type of the ordinary uneducated playgoer, who, when he goes to the theatre, will comfortably swallow the greatest falsehoods in the story and characters if he can only retain a few small illusions. Every now and then we get a dramatic movement which professes to be a return to nature, to truth, but which always ends in showing the playgoer some perhaps neglected, but quite trumpery, aspect of life, or character, or stage furniture. In spite of the wide apparent differences between all these movements, in spite of the different aims and tempers of the men who lead them, they insist on certain mean, inessential, or ignoble facts and features of life, and miss its unity, its largeness, its dignity, its classicality.

I will give you an instance of what I mean. Perhaps the greatest story that was ever told on the stage, and certainly the finest example of dramatic construction, are to be found in the "Oedipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles. The most tremendous national issues are at stake, and these are bound up in the awful and fateful story of the hero and his mother-wife. Step by step the tragic story marches to its close, every moment developing some new situation of terror and pathos, or showing some new stretch of the great web wherein fate has entangled the king and his family and the whole nation. There is the whole story of the king and his family, his whole life up to that point, fast locked within the destiny of the whole people—all this is placed before you in one eventful hour, on one eventful spot. Nature would have taken many years and the breadth of the land to do that. But if this, the acknowledged dramatic masterpiece of the whole civilized world, is utterly unlike any one hour of real life that the world ever saw, how vain are the efforts of those who try to put real life on the stage as it actually is, how vain are all criticisms that judge a play because of its likeness or unlikeness to actual life in this or that particular!

The Magic of Selection



DO not forget that a great gulf is fixed between the classic masterpieces of the world, "Oedipus," "Hamlet," "Phèdre," "Tartuffe," and our modern drama of every-day life. Their methods, their styles, their conventions, their treatment of the passions and of the aspects of humanity that they try to seize and represent, are not the same as ours, who traffic in the drama of contemporary life. Widely different as they are in many things, they are all alike in these respects. The classic drama and the drama of modern life try to seize and present the main and vital characteristics of life; they equally represent certain actualities in exact imitation of life; and they equally try to create and preserve a continuous illusion of life, though the illusion of the poetic and classic drama is not the illusion of the modern drawing-room play. But it is always an illusion. It breaks down the moment you bring it to the test of reality. If you look carefully into it, you will find that the modern drawing-room play which seems so much like life is indeed in many respects as far away from it as the most stilted tragedy.

In the drama, as in the other arts, art is art because it is not Nature, because it is organic, architectural, magic, disdainful of commonplace; because it selects from the mass of real life this one thing, this one feature, this one character, this one moment, takes it right away from life, and puts it in fresh combinations, into a world of its own. And in the

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drama, as in the other arts, the more rare and beautiful the things that the artist has gathered for you, the more they are fired and colored in the furnace of his imagination, the less the result will be like reality. And in the end you will find that this paradox of mine always holds true. But because this is so, because the dramatist can not give you all that Nature gives, is no reason that he should be false and careless in what he does give you. It should all be taken from life, faithfully and fearlessly seen, studied, transported into that other world.

In another regard the dramatist is at great disadvantage compared with the novelist. The novelist has not only unlimited space and time, but he has also the immense aid of description. The novelist stands on his stage beside his characters and describes them, analyzes their motives, explains what they are feeling; tells you their past history at any length, hints and prophesies all that is going to happen to them. Again, the novelist tells his story directly by his own word of mouth, and when he writes dialogue it is the direct and simple utterance of the speaker. Every sentence the dramatist writes has to illustrate the character of the speaker, and has also to carry on the story, not directly, but indirectly, and by implication. When in real life do you hear people talking in such a way as to unfold the dearest secret of their hearts, betray their thoughts and all the springs of their actions, and in the same sentence carry on a definite, connected, involved, organic history?

The "Real Life" Fallacy

I HOPE I have shown you that it is impossible for the dramatist to be photographically like life, and that if you carefully follow his work and check it off bit by bit and moment by moment, you will find it is something quite unlike life. He should, of course, give you an illusion of life, and the art of creating this illusion is the art of the dramatist. Unless you can grant to him a provisional belief in the reality of his scenes you will not follow him with pleasure. He should make you lend yourselves to him for the moment. But it is all make-believe. And the permanent value, not the momentary success, not the long run—will depend upon how many of the great realities of life and character he has managed to cram into his play. But against all plays that were ever written you will find somebody or the other bringing this charge: "This is not real life." I once happened to take up two daily papers and read the criticisms on a play that had been produced the evening before. One of them said: "These are real men and women; these are the people whom we are meeting every day." The other paper said: "These are not real people at all; these are creatures of fantasy, creatures of the playwright's brain; they do not exist at all."

How do you account for this diametrical opposition of judgment between two trained critics? Can it be that one of them was wrong? No. When a playwright finds, as he generally does, that two different critics, both of whose opinions are of equal value, are saying totally diverse and contradictory things about his play, it is not his business to suggest that one or both of them may be wrong. It then becomes the playwright's duty to find some means of reconciling the contradictory opinions and proving that both of them are right. The real point lies here: What aspects of real life and character did the dramatist set himself to portray? If he has seized and portrayed them faithfully, he will necessarily be false to real life in many other respects. What aspects of real life and character are you searching for in the play? If you are searching for the aspects that the dramatist has rendered, you will find his play true to life. If you are searching for other aspects you will find his play false to life.

What aspects of life and character do you search for when you go to a play? It is, of course, quite plain that we can only judge a play according to our own mental aptitudes and training. But all judgments that are based on a supposed likeness or unlikeness to life are useless or fallacious until it is first settled what aspect of life the dramatist is trying to paint, and what aspect of life the spectator is looking for.

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The Wonder of It
(Concluded from page 19)
Dawkins walked on up through the Square. At Twenty-sixth Street she turned her deeply troubled eyes up to his, and stared at him curiously. He returned the gaze steadily.
"Oh!" she said. "I understand—now!"
They crossed and went on up Fifth Avenue. There was a strange, unfathomable expression on Mr. Dawkins's face as they approached Twenty-seventh Street.
"Have you recalled yet where you met me first?" he asked.
The girl shook her head. She didn't look up.
"Do you recall something less than four months ago?" Mr. Dawkins went on. "that you were crossing Fifth Avenue just here and dropped your purse?"
Miss Francis looked a little surprised. "Yes," she replied. "Why?"
"Don't you remember now?"
She remembered. First came compre-
hension, then wonderment, and finally something else—a something which caused her to shrink back a little instinctively. Mr. Dawkins continued to stare at her.
"I remember," she said faintly. "I know what it all means now—the bell-boy, and all that."
She stopped, and her eyes fell beneath the unwavering gaze of Mr. John Quincy Dawkins.
"Shall I call a hansom for you?" he asked at last.
"No," she answered quickly. "Let's walk on a little way. I—I—must think."
Silently they went on for several blocks, side by side. At Thirty-fourth Street they paused on the curb to let a car pass, and Mr. Dawkins turned upon her.
"Well, what do you think of me?" he demanded, defiantly.
"I think you are the most wonderful man I ever knew," she said softly.
For an instant two fluttering hands lay lightly on his sleeve, then they walked on together.

IV
OR five years of success I'd give my life . . . sell my eternal soul!"
Mr. Dawkins was standing at his window early one morning when the words recurred to him. Central Park lay spread out before him like a panorama, an oasis in the desert of hatches wherein dwells humanity. A breath of spring floated in the window, and the fresh green of trees and sward was grateful to his eyes. A sapphire sky was cleft by a winding streak of gulls as they swept down to the lake.
"Give my life . . . sell my eternal soul!" Mr. Dawkins repeated with a start.
The words seemed strangely familiar, but for an instant he did not know why. Then he remembered—it was his pledge—a pledge with Fate! A pledge! Mr. Dawkins's face blanched a little, his teeth were set hard, and his square, dogged chin thrust forward as it had been the day he made the pledge. Dolores? What of her? And the other Dolores—the little Dolores, who babbled at his knee from the infinite wisdom of her three years?
Had Fate done her share? Yes, and more. Now within a specified time he must do his. For four years or more the intoxication, the exhilaration of success and the work he loved, with the woman he loved, made him oblivious of a pact which he suddenly knew within himself must be fulfilled. As he stood there his mind ran over the years of his life since he had begun to live—since that day alone in Madison Square. It was all dream-like in its unreality, yet tangible enough too, for he, at this moment, was living a part of it.
Ever since that day Mr. Dawkins had lived in the philosophy that all things come to him who goes after them. Without modesty and without shame he had gone after them; charged the windmill and got away with it, and finally underlying every act of his life was the settled conviction that he could not fail. It was not egotism, but something else, a—now Mr. Dawkins knew it was the pledge.
Since that first success—"The Comedy of Life"—Mr. Dawkins had gone steadily forward, and a clanking, seemingly endless, stream of gold was his reward. Three novels came tumbling out, one after the other, and the success of each was without precedent, save in the case of the other two. Within a year, those lean, squalid days of starvation were a century behind him; and still fortune trod upon him ruthlessly in her efforts to bestow more favors.

First had come physical satisfaction with the change in his life, and then had come the roses. At the end of his first year of plenty he gave his distinguished name to the woman he loved; the woman who had seen with her own eyes the misery through which he had climbed—the woman who understood. It was the irony of fate that immediately after, when he was safely beyond the reach of want, by his own efforts, a great fortune had been thrust upon him through his wife. It came by the graceful death of an uncle, and was as unexpected as it was unnecessary. Then his pledge!
"Give my life . . . sell my eternal soul!"
After the first grating recollection of it, Mr. Dawkins was satisfied. It was a bitter bargain, but a bargain, and the last quality in Mr. Dawkins's character was repudiation of a promise. He didn't mind now—only for Dolores! And little Dolores! With a strange expression on his face Mr. Dawkins finished dressing and went downstairs.
The months passed, and there came a subtle change in his manner. It was not fear, nor was it uneasiness for the future of his wife and little one—it was resignation. He was to pay a debt. Yet he was not unhappy. He enjoyed every instant of those ebbing months, as one sips the dregs of wine. Dolores, the same charming, vivacious Dolores, save for the gentle glory of motherhood, of course, knew nothing of it—she must not know. She had noticed the change in his manner, but it was easily attributable to concentration on the work which he so loved. And she was as happy as he in the bestowal upon him of that infinite adoration which perfects and crowns life.
But in time Mr. Dawkins quit counting the months, and began counting the weeks. Then the days. It was all fixed in his mind clearly, the exact day, hour, and minute when he would be called upon to fulfill his pledge.
"Give my life . . . sell my eternal soul!"
It would come without effort on his part, and in his study, of course, there with the things which had exalted him. These days Mr. Dawkins devoted to closing up certain affairs so that they would be readily understood by—his executors! It was all done quietly, without a hint to Dolores or a word of the purport of it all to the attorney who drew his will.
And at last came the day! The cycle of Time had revolved completely. At breakfast there was a sparkle in Dolores's eyes and a smile upon her red lips. She exulted in the mere fact of existence. After a moment she noted his abstraction, and her radiant face sobered.
"You are tired, John," she said. "You must take a rest."
"I'm going to begin a long rest to-day," he said, and he smiled gravely. "I have just been arranging my affairs so I could."
The smile returned to Dolores's lips, and with it the two dimples which he knew so well. She leaned forward and laid one hand on his.
Mr. Dawkins didn't take any luncheon, but crept into the nursery alone. Little Dolores was sleeping soundly with a smile upon her baby lips. For a long time the father stood gazing down at her. This he was to give up!
"My life . . . sell my eternal soul!"
A mist filmed his eyes. He fought it back, stooped and kissed the child lightly, then turning, hurried out of the room. At the door of the dining-room he met the other Dolores—his Dolores! A harsh expression about his mouth softened as he saw her; she must not suspect.
"I'm going to the study for a while," he said. "Please don't disturb me."
"More work?"
"No, rest—a long rest," he replied.
Somehow his arms closed about her, and she was held crushed to him for one breathless moment.
"Wonderful little woman!" he whispered.
Their lips met once, and turning abruptly he went into the study, closing the door behind him. He didn't look back at her; he didn't dare to, and after a while he heard a lilt of song as she moved away. He smiled sorrowfully, and glanced at his watch. It was sixteen minutes past one. There were only four more minutes to wait now, then this heart which beat so strongly would be stilled; these hands, now vital with life, would be white and dead; these lungs would draw their last breath. Again Mr. Dawkins glanced at his watch, which lay before him on the desk—two minutes remained.
"It was a good bargain," he said. "I am ready."
The second hand of his watch flew around the dial once. He closed his eyes and sat waiting.
At three o'clock Mr. Dawkins was still waiting.

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